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DRAWN BY SARAH S. STILLWELL

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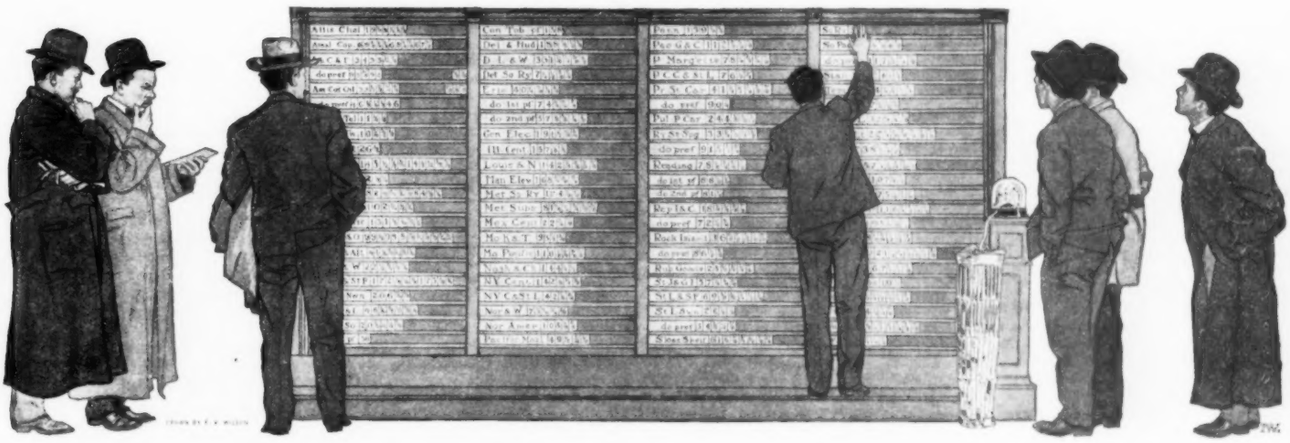
USE AND ABUSE OF INSIDE INFORMATION—By Edwin Lefèvre



The Loaded Dice and the Men Who Use Them in the Wall Street Game

"INSIDE" information is information possessed by a few people by virtue of their position. It is not possessed by the many who are "outsiders." In Wall Street it means loaded dice. The men—presidents, vice-presidents, directors, bankers, confidential agents—who use it in the stock market are, therefore, gamblers using loaded dice. At times the inside information fails to work. But that is no extenuation. As an excuse it is tantamount to the plea that at times the dice don't fall the way intended by the gamester.

The worst thing about inside information is not so much in its use as in its liability to be abused. It certainly is not illegal—perhaps it is not even immoral, though it would seem to be that. But it most decidedly is unfair. It is unsportsmanlike. It is fighting a smaller man for money. And because it is thus cowardly, it stamps its user as a man who considers any means is justifiable in the achievement of the rather vulgar end of making more money. The public has no protection against the actions of directors who are stock gamblers, or against financiers who listen to the stock ticker before they hearken to the voice of their conscience. At times the public avenges itself upon the insiders by acting with unexpected wisdom—that is, by not doing what the insiders wished it to do. But, as a general thing, the possession and skillful use of inside information is equivalent to "sure thing" gambling.

This "inside information" does not always work along the lines intended, though always along the line of least resistance. In the financial district the line of least resistance is obvious. A typical instance of the characteristic Wall Street point of view is given by a story not new but never before printed. The incident happened during a period of stress and storm. The stock market was shaky, feverish, most easily susceptible to the slightest push in either direction. Because of the condition of sentiment, which had already caused some substantial declines in prices, a prominent Stock Exchange firm was not firm. It was a toss-up whether it would weather the storm or go under. It depended primarily upon whether sentiment improved or grew gloomier. But the house might win out, even if sentiment did not become better, provided the banks from whom the firm had borrowed millions were actuated by prudence, broad sagacity and public spirit. If the banks called on the firm for more margin and, failing to get it, sold out the stocks pledged as collateral, there was no question that two things would happen: first, that the firm would fail; and, secondly, that the failure of so important and so wealthy a firm would have a very bad effect on the stock market. Prices would perforce decline while the firm's holdings were being liquidated, and would decline a great deal more when a great many others were forced to liquidate by the first drop.

The bank presidents met—seven of them. They knew the firm was in trouble. So did other people, who also knew why the bank presidents had met. But only the bankers knew the extent and acuteness of the trouble. They had met because they wished to act as broad-minded business men, desirous of helping the situation and their fellowmen by liberality, patience and pluck. They would forget to be narrow-minded little bankers and well-dressed Shylocks. They discussed the situation in general and the affairs of the shaky firm in particular. They were perfectly frank with each other, and so all knew the aggregate liabilities of the firm. These were very large, in excess of what most of them had thought. But, for all that, the obviously wise, fair and best thing to do was not to compel the firm to liqaidate. It would be the only thing to do by men who had hearts as well as heads. Moreover, if the banks forced this liquidation the panic that might ensue would surely mean some losses to the banks themselves.

The occasion caused pleasing glows of virtue and noble satisfaction to suffuse seven presidential backs. But one bank president excused himself for a moment to telephone to his wife that he had secured the theatre tickets she wished. He returned in two minutes. Two of his colleagues also had to telephone, one to his sick brother in the hospital and the other to his tailor. They returned, too. The other bank presidents also found they had to telephone to the butcher, the druggist, etc. But what these men really did was to telephone to their brokers to sell stocks—those stocks of which the firm was "carrying" big blocks; for each banker reasoned that it was doubtful whether the firm could weather the storm, after all, and, to be on the safe side, each man sold stocks in anticipation of the break which would certainly follow the failure of the firm. It may be they sold the stocks for their personal accounts; possibly they acted to protect their banks. But at all events stocks went down because the high-minded bank officials low-mindedly sold. Their brokers, who suspected the trouble, and thought they had "inside" information, also sold. Then others, taking this hint, guessed that the case of the house was hopeless, and sold, too. Prices went so low because of all this that the banks, in self-defense, had to "sell out" the firm's stock, and, of course, the firm failed. That incident shows the Wall Street point of view throughout.

At times, however, inside information is misleading. The truth often deceives Wall Street. Take Mr. Hill's plans, for example. He wished to acquire the St. Paul road in the interest of the Great Northern and Northern Pacific jointly. He intimated as much to his friends. The directors of the Great Northern and Northern Pacific must have known it. St. Paul stock began to rise. The people who had inside information bought it. Mr. Hill thought he and Mr. Morgan could get the St. Paul. The stock was selling at about $130 a share. They were prepared to offer $150, or $175; even $200 a share if need were. They were sure the St. Paul road was theirs. But when Mr. Morgan, at a meeting of the St. Paul directors, proposed to buy the road, as one might offer to buy a pair of gloves, the directors refused point blank. One of them told me at the time that it took Mr. Morgan some minutes to realize that a body of men in the United States had refused to accede to his wishes. But those who had the "inside" information about St. Paul did not realize what had happened until the stock had declined almost as much as it had risen.

Then Mr. Hill did the next best thing, and started to buy Burlington. Being a very clever man, he did not repeat his St. Paul mistake. He set out to buy Burlington with a brass band and a blare of trumpets. He told everybody. Never had inside information been so distributed among rich and poor. Mr. Hill knew it, but the Burlington people did not, because Mr. Hill was buying the stock in the open market instead of going to them first. There was no official information—only "rumors." The president of the Burlington did not know it officially—in fact, did not know it at all—so he denied that anybody was after the control of the Burlington, and the thousands of stockholders scattered throughout New England believed the president and thought the rise in the price of the stock was due to a mad scramble by hysterical gamblers. They had "inside" information from

the Burlington end. The "inside" information from the Hill end was to the contrary. One was right, the other was wrong. It made many sell out their stock at what they regarded as extravagant prices, such as $160 or $175, whereas, after he had bought all he could in the open market, Mr. Hill offered $200 per share, in four per cent. bonds guaranteed jointly by the Northern Pacific and Great Northern.

In a previous article on What's the Matter with Steel? some of the causes contributing to the decline in the price of the United States Steel securities were considered. In a general way, the causes were correctly given, but now let us see the part that "inside information" played in this appalling shrinkage of some $500,000,000.

The Steel shares last year declined at times eight and ten dollars per share in one week because among the heaviest sellers were the very men who might have been expected under ordinary circumstances to buy. They were men who knew the worst about the company and its affairs and iron trade conditions actual and prospective, men who, being insiders of the giant corporation, knew the most—great millionaires, these magnates, shrewd, unsentimental, far-sighted, gamblers who used loaded dice, otherwise business men knowing the real facts—"inside" facts not known to the great body of the public who held the Steel shares because they had heard only the good—or outside—side of the United States Steel Corporation.

Why did these multi-millionaire magnates sell the Steel stocks by the hundreds of thousands of shares so boldly, so steadily, so confidently? Because they realized, by virtue of their inside position, that Mr. John Pierpont Morgan had lost his opportunity—the most wonderful opportunity ever vouchsafed to any financier in any country in any period of the world's history. They knew the inside psychological as well as the industrial and financial facts.

Mr. Morgan is undoubtedly an able man, a very able man; beyond question, a great banker. That he is not so great as to entitle him to rank with the greatest figures of our commercial history is probably also true. The terrific decline in Steel proved not so much that he is not a particularly clever stock-market strategist or manipulator as that he had missed a great opportunity. He is great who accomplishes greatly. It does not matter that Mr. Morgan formed his Steel colossus because his stock-market exigencies demanded it. Carnegie had said, "Buy me out or lose money!" and Morgan, seized with the fear of money losses, bought him out. It was of itself a wonderful achievement. But it was made easy by the public's stock-speculating madness.

That was where the great opportunity came in. Chance had thrust greatness in the raw upon Morgan. And, perhaps ill advised, possibly blind to the real meaning of the opportunity because of inherent inability to see beyond the "banker's profit"—it may be because the ticker talked too seductively when it added eight or nine figures to his fortune—at any rate and for whatever reason, Mr. Morgan allowed the great chance to pass by. Was it greed that vulgarized his actions? This is scarcely likely; Mr. Morgan is not a man who loves money for money's sake, however keenly his partners may make his firm pursue the aforementioned "banker's profit." It must have been because of inherent inability to grasp the situation.

Mr. Morgan's Lost Opportunity

IT IS perhaps well to state that in writing these lines there is not the faintest shadow of any desire to belittle Mr. Morgan's achievements in finance during his busy and brilliant banking life; nor is the personal admiration felt for him diminished ever so slightly because he was not, in the best sense, a Napoleon of finance. Nevertheless, it is not possible to escape the feeling of regret that Mr. Morgan, great banker though he is, was not even greater. The opportunity was so unusual. It would have been so easy to have resisted the temptation of the ticker and to have left the most remarkable monument in the shape of a solid industrial empire—the United States Steel Corporation—that should have been a public institution second only to the Government. It is not that stock gamblers lost; in that there is no great harm done. But the public, which had a right to expect unusually fair treatment in the shape of good management, was grievously wronged. The United States Steel Corporation during the first two years of its existence was governed by its creator—or the agents of its creator—as though it were the exclusive personal property of Mr. J. P. Morgan.

Mr. Morgan, they tell me—and it is easy to believe—suffers from the peculiar malady of monarchs, that sad, distressing, lamentable ailment: the fear of the courtiers to tell the truth when, though wholesome, it is also bitter. Everybody is afraid to tell Mr. Morgan the truth—his partners, his friends, his paid counselors. He is a man of strong feelings, absolutely fearless, possibly strong of language, and accustomed to having his own way and to not having to look at any side of any case but his own side. From this it came about that Mr. Morgan was so long unaware of the terrible shrinkage of his prestige. It was magic in 1901. In 1903 it was a minus quantity. From ignorance, from sheer perverseness, from a hundred motives, the public went to the other extreme, and the man who typified the power of finance, the personification of the country's prosperity, the demigod of gold, shrank in the popular mind to a point almost incomprehensible save when one considered the public's monetary losses and remembered that America is peopled by some thousands of men and women and by many millions of hysterical beings. Mr. Morgan did not hear the whole truth. I think the trouble with Mr. Morgan is that he is not a dreamer—one of the men who, like Cassatt and Hill, dream and do. He merely does. He is thus, necessarily, handicapped.

When Mr. Morgan found that the creation of his United States Steel Corporation was a financial success because the public's gambling craze enabled him to float his company with amazing ease, he failed to see the far greater opportunity to make his Steel Combination an industrial—one might say a socialistic—success. He had it within his power first to solidify the trade absolutely, not by endeavoring to stifle competition, but by perfect organization—which means, in other words, commercial ability; second, to begin to prepare for the inevitable adjustment of the relations of capital and labor, of employer and employee, which is no more the dream of a visionary than the belief in successful aërial navigation is a dream; third, to make the securities—watered though they were—desirable investments, thus making the people of this country his fellow-partners in an enterprise which should have been a semi-public institution. Instead, he did not act wisely either as a financier in his scheme by which preferred stock was exchanged for bonds, or as a business man, for he did not follow the methods which enabled Mr. Carnegie to sell out for a couple of hundred millions of dollars.

A Policy that Cost Millions

ALL this is ancient history, but it was unavoidable to repeat it because of the part that inside information played in the decline, or rather in the stupendous selling which caused the great fall in prices. Besides Mr. Morgan there were among the "insiders" men whose properties had been "absorbed" by the giant corporation. To the benefits that the consolidation should bring them and their properties they were keenly alive. To Mr. Morgan and the stock market that made them the most striking specimens of what was then the new type of millionaire—the Steel magnate—they were probably not ungrateful. The decline of the first ten points was easily explicable—there had been overproduction of securities and a resultant indigestion of them—the phrase is Mr. Morgan's. But they sold their holdings, many of these magnates, because they thought Mr. Morgan's paramount influence in the corporation was not working beneficently. Mr. Carnegie made it a practice to get the best talent and make that talent share munificently in the wealth it created for him. The Morgan policy was rather to retain a very high-salaried figurehead or two, and then to stifle ambition and initiative, and to repress potential Schwabs, and Fricks, and Gayleys, and Coreys by reducing salaries of the active workers and decreasing their opportunities. That is one of the dangers of trusts and overorganized corporations.

There was dissatisfaction among the regimental commanders of the United States Steel Corporation. It began to show. The magnates, who knew the steel trade, and especially knew men and the part played by the human element in business, did not like it. The banking end of the company's business was not so economical as it should have been. There were many signs of quasi-demoralization, here and there—signs the public could not see, and that only keen students of human nature like the "magnates" could appreciate. The amounts set aside for the depreciation of the plants and for improvements were not sufficient to keep up the organization to the Carnegie standard of efficiency. Mr. Carnegie, while in active business, often spent millions for a mill which even before it was completed was almost obsolete, and made fresh and extremely costly changes without hesitation. Not so with the United States Steel Corporation. And because they saw the gloomy future, because they knew that it was only a question of time when, for instance, the dividends on the common stock, amounting to $20,000,000 a year, must be discontinued, the men who had inside information of trade conditions generally, and particularly of the company's inside conditions, sold their common and much of their preferred stocks, not necessarily at boom or high prices but at any prices. And as prices fell men who did not have inside information also had to sell.

Then the conditions prevailing in the company's management began to improve. They had to. The company was better managed. The advice of men like Mr. Frick was heeded where a few months before it had not been listened to. The prospects of improving trade conditions became clearer, especially to those whose training and experience and acumen made their very opinions the best kind of inside information. They bought back the stocks they had sold six months before. Prices began to climb. The public, in the end, followed the magnates' example. But insiders had "skimmed the cream both ways," as the Wall Street phrase goes. In the process of readjustment scores of millions of dollars were lost and won.

As a rule, what Wall Street calls inside information is merely the advance knowledge of a fact or facts not allowed to be known by the public. For example, it is found desirable by the management of a railroad to acquire the control of another road. If there is reason to believe that the majority of the stock can be purchased in the open market a firm of bankers receives the order to buy it. The directors of the purchasing company know that such enormous buying must cause a great advance in the price of the stock in question. Has any director the right, legally or morally, to buy, as an individual, some of that stock at the beginning in order to sell it at the end to his own company at the higher price? Such things are done daily, and fortunes wax greater. Who is wronged? Not the public, who is not compelled to sell stocks. Only the stockholders indirectly and a few battle-scarred consciences.

A corporation may be doing such a profitable business that the directors agree that the dividend rate, in justice to the stockholders, must be increased. In justice to the welfare of their own families, the directors buy more of the stock which is about to be made more valuable. The price begins to rise. After a substantial advance the Street hears rumors of what is going to happen. The dividend rate is increased. So are the personal fortunes of some of the directors.

This happened the other day in the case of the Delaware, Lackawanna & Western shares. The price rose eighty points before the public knew that the directors would declare an extra dividend of ten per cent. in cash as a Christmas gift. To whose buying of the stock was the rise due? Who "discounted" what was coming? Perhaps not one of the directors was guilty of so flagrant an abuse of inside information. *Perhaps!*

Wall Street is characteristically callous to such things. It appears content that a stock-market mystery has been solved, a rise explained, a decline accounted for. Often one stock or another has been sold and sold until the price has fallen ten or twenty per cent. in a few days, and the Street hears rumors that the dividend is to be cut. Directors of the company, if they speak at all for publication, say they know nothing of such a thing. Neither do they, technically. But the stock speculators will say then that the tape talks straight, and when the dividend is cut, or passed, no more is said. It is merely the spirit of graft working in the financial district as it does in municipal or State politics. And as elsewhere, it is taken as a matter of course, without indignation, without even passing comment. I recall at this moment but one instance in which the financial directors of a very large corporation decided to pay dividends on their stock and intimated so in the papers, and the stock had no preliminary rise—a pleasing instance of the absence of the abuse of inside information.

In its usual cynical mood, Wall Street—that is, the professional speculator—has coined a phrase that "Inside information and a fat pocketbook will break any one." It means merely that "insiders" often give information which works the wrong way when the outsider favored with the insider's confidence acts on it in the stock market. And there are many instances which are related with gusto when, for example, an official will truthfully state the condition his company is in and what the fears or hopes of the management are, and the stock does not do what his hearers expect. The president of one of the leading roads in the United States, a few years ago, impressively stated in a banker's office that nothing could prevent his company from passing the next dividend, business was so bad and the outlook was so gloomy. But the stock declined one and three-quarter points and then gradually rose thirty. The dividend was not passed and the road weathered the hard times. But this was merely mistaken judgment or the outcome of temperamental pessimism. And, on the other hand, the president of one of the largest of the Western roads once told me confidentially, and not to be used in print—in fact, the best kind of "inside information"—that the Street's rumors of financial troubles were utterly unfounded and the road had raised all the money it needed. At that very moment the company's attorneys were making arrangements for an application for a receiver.

"Old Prob's" Fine

A GROUP of young men, many of them officials in the Government service, recently met in the smoking-room of a Washington clubhouse. At the suggestion of one of the party it was agreed that the one first "talking shop" should be fined a dollar; but the evening passed and no fines had been imposed.

Mr. Willis L. Moore, Chief of the Weather Bureau, overcoat on and hat in hand, arose at last to go.

"Good-evening," said he.

"Hold on there; a dollar, please!" shouted several in unison.

Mr. Moore straightened back as though he had been hit a blow, looked puzzled, then grinned, and, without a word, fished out the dollar.

The Lights of Long Acre

Where Celebrities Coruscate From Twelve Until Two

By Alfred Henry Lewis

IT MAY interest the heart of far-off real estate to know that property on the west side of Broadway so far triumphs over property on the east as to be worth—fee or leasehold—threefold as much. The cause of this difference is three-sided, the angles thereof being variously municipal, commercial and solar. Coming up Broadway to Fourteenth Street, the throng at Dead Man's Curve is thrown to the left by the fact of Union Square. At Twenty-third Street it is again thrown westward through the interference of Madison Square. At Thirty-third Street Herald Square for a third time shepherds the flock to the left. Wherefore, throughout that Broadway mile and one-half which lies between Fourteenth and Forty-second Streets, the currents of life set ever toward the west. More: the west side is the shady side in the afternoon; and since New York in the gross gets its breakfast at twelve, this reason of sunshine and shadow makes another and, perhaps, a final argument to send 1000 pedestrians to that fortunate west side for every fifty that go to the east. However, since none of us proposes an immediate investment in Broadway property, and our interest, for that reason, being academic rather than practical, we may safely lay this subject of real estate aside.

Twenty years ago he who, like Justice Shallow, heard the chimes at midnight, heard them in Union Square or its joyous near vicinity. Ten years later those chimes, if they would gain an audience, must come uptown as far as Madison Square; for the midnight life of Broadway, ever northward bound, had voyaged thus far. Now, in a day when Union Square is dead and Madison deserted, those alluring lights which beacon to a post-theatre repast are burning in Long Acre.

Long Acre, being the junction where Seventh Avenue, taking the long slant, cuts Broadway in two, fills that quarter of a mile which is measured between Forty-second and Forty-seventh Streets. Its width is meagre, and, were it not for city ordinances which discountenance such athletics, a practiced hand might chuck a baseball from one side to the other in its widest part.

In the midst of Long Acre glares Rector's, a griffin done in electric lights being its mark. From eleven P. M. till two o'clock in the morning carriages come and go crashingly. A large person with red hair, a blue uniform and a Roscommon accent stands on the curb, slams carriage doors, and shouts non-understandable commands to coachmen who, busy with horses that pass most of the night on their hindlegs, pay no attention. For three hours in the middle night folk in evening dress stream in and out of this hostelry; for it is a favorite caravansary after candle-lighting time.

Rector's, spacious and deep, with lofty ceilings and walls widespread, is almost as big as a ten-acre lot. The room is done in green and gold; the lights are held in yellowish subjection by shades of saffron silk. There is an orchestra overhead which, being sapient as well as harmonious, does not play Parsifal and does play Dolly Gray. Four hundred people seat themselves at round tables; the place is packed by eleven and continues in this sardine-box condition until two.

Monsieur Paul presides in this room. He is wide, thick, quick, powerful and tolerantly wise—is Monsieur Paul. He has the waiters beneath his careful eye; also, when the college strong boy, moved of unusual wine, begins to assert himself, it is the mission of Monsieur Paul to impress upon that strenuous collegian the impropriety of his presence, and convey him into Forty-fifth Street by a side door. For, be it known, Monsieur Paul is a professional wrestler, better than Whistler at his best, and hath arms of oak.

The place, if not a democracy, is safely a mosaic. At one table is James Robert Keene—a Wall Street force. Mr. Keene is a wintry, gray man of grave face and high-bred air. There is much of formal ice about Mr. Keene, but he thaws betimes. When the talk of his table once turned on the asperities of a hard winter and the pinched sufferings of the tenement poor, he went to the desk long enough to send a ten-thousand-dollar check to Mr. Keller, then Commissioner of Charities, with a note requesting him to share it into want-bitten hands with least possible delay.

Mr. Keene has two passions: stocks and thoroughbred horses. He is the best feature of the Jockey Club; he never wagers on a race, and yet his love for the racing horse overruns $260,000 a year.

Being in the severe, respectable company of Mr. Keene, let us take a glance about the scene. In the far corner is a bevy of histrions. There is the great character actor—a genius, this—Mr. Thompson. With him are Wilton Lackaye and Sam Reed, the latter one of Klaw and Erlanger's best comedians.

Mr. Hawtrey is also there; he is ineffably English, and sheds weariness about him as a lamp sheds rays of light. Mr. Hawtrey is fond of conundrums; they are quite English. This should be a specimen:

"Why is a pail of water," says Mr. Hawtrey with a tinge of eagerness, "why is a pail of water like a red morocco slipper with a gilt heel?"

Somebody says he doesn't know.

"Because," exclaims Mr. Hawtrey, with a high mien of victory, "because, don't y' know, you can put your foot in it."

Mr. Lackaye meets this brilliant outburst with a counter conundrum; he imitates the mincing manner of Mr. Hawtrey, only that insufficient disciple of Garrick doesn't realize it.

"What is it," cries Mr. Lackaye, as though smitten with a thought, "what is it that has long legs, wades, is covered with feathers, possesses a sinuous neck, a sharp beak, and barks like a dog?"

Mr. Hawtrey, vastly interested, after divers futile shots, gives it up.

"Why, a crane, my boy," says Mr. Lackaye.

"Ow, yes!" cries Mr. Hawtrey; "delighted! Why, of course! Long legs, wades, is covered with feathers, possesses a sinuous neck, a sharp beak." Then, with sudden doubts and the rising inflection of a query: "But barks like a dog?"

"Ow!" replies Mr. Lackaye with a twang excessively cockney, and poking Mr. Hawtrey in the ribs, "I added that, old chap, to make it more difficult."

The Fists of Mr. Roosevelt

WITH Mr. Keene is Mr. Andrew Miller, a steward of the Jockey Club and, incidentally, publisher and part owner of Life. Mr. Miller was at Harvard with President Roosevelt. In that day Mr. Miller shone as the champion middle-weight boxer of the college. I asked him as to the fistic merits of the President.

"There were better boxers," observed Mr. Miller with a retrospective eye, "but no one could conquer him. He cared nothing for blows, and looked upon a knockdown with splendid indifference. Blood had no terrors for him; black eyes were a badge of courage. He was good-natured but indomitable, and the boxer who stood him off must have a long arm, a strong arm, and a heart thoroughly game."

The talk turned upon a Harvard occasion when Mr. Roosevelt taught a class in the Sunday school. One of his boys, a lad of twelve, came to the class with a darkish eye that spoke of fisticuffs and chance medley.

Mr. Roosevelt, a boy himself at the time, asked with interest concerning the discolored eye. The boy set forth how he had encountered an embryo loafer of his own age who jeered at Sabbath schools and those who attended the same; and how he had hung his jacket on the poet Longfellow's fence and thrashed a modicum of a Sunday-school respect into the youthful scoffer, receiving and accepting the black eye by way of retort.

Mr. Roosevelt rebuked his belligerent scholar with a silver dollar, and this method of reproof became a kind of scandal when news of it reached the pious, grave ones.

Speaking of the bellicose, at a table next the wall sits that eminent pugilist, Mr. Fitzsimmons. The really beautiful woman with him is his wife. Mr. Fitzsimmons is bald, but hides the fact from the public with a wig, said thatch being of the hue of those pointer dogs which are alluded to as liver-colored. Mr. Fitzsimmons is lean, lathy, with yard-wide shoulders and spider legs and arms.

Mr. White, who has trained Mr. Fitzsimmons, and is learned in such arts, declares that our angular Cornishman can strike the hardest, quickest blow of any man alive. The power of one of Mr. Fitzsimmons' blows is equal to a lifting force of over 900 pounds. He has queer, tough knuckles, and a hand that is a size or two smaller than a five-barred gate. Given a dead hog, hanging by its gambrels, for the target, Mr. Fitzsimmons can strike so shrewd a blow that those horny knuckles cut through the tough hide and intervening fat and flesh, and are only stopped in their crushing career by the porker's rib-bones. Mr. Fitzsimmons performed this feat one afternoon in Newark, and the butcher who owned the pig seized a cleaver and chased him for the better part of a mile.

"W'y didn't you tell me 'e was lurkin' about?" said Mr. Fitzsimmons complainingly to Mr. White, who had charge of the pugilist's training. "That crazy duffer might 'av 'it me with 'ees 'atchet; an' then where'd I ben?"—the last in mournful reproach, as reminding Mr. White of perils which the trainer's vigilance should have kept aloof.

Mr. Fitzsimmons has quit the prize ring for the stage, and folk describe him as a comedian of an inadvertent, not to say an unintentional, sort. Mr. Fitzsimmons was so good as to tell me of certain troubles in California.

"I gows hon with Jeffries," observed Mr. Fitzsimmons, "an' 'im twenty years younger an' three stone 'cavier than me. We'd ben fightin' twenty minutes; me without a mark, an' Jeff cut an' slashed like a 'Amburg steak. I'm thinkin' to meself 'ow I'll knock 'im out—'im bein' as wide open as Central Park. 'Shall I giv' it 'im in the jaw?' says I to meself, 'or shall I try for it lower down?' I decides for the jaw; for Jeff's so big 'ee bean't to be cut down like I fetched down Corbett at Virginia City. Just as I plants meself to 'and him 'ees medicine, 'ee ups with one of 'ees big paws like a bear.

"'Ere's where I jolt 'im out,' thinks I, figurin' on a wallop to 'ees chin.

"All at once 'ee w'irls 'ees arm around 'ees 'ead an' brings it up an'

lands me one under the short ribs. There never was such a blow! There's no such blow, prawperly speakin', on the map. Jeff never did it before; 'ees never done it since. It lifts me off me feet eight inches; it does, sure! An' my heye! doan't it 'urt! I couldn't 'ave raised a finger after that if my wife's life 'ad depended on it.

"An' now," continued Mr. Fitzsimmons heatedly, "see 'ow good them Frisco blokes is to me! I picks up the paipers next day thinkin' I'll see a story of 'ow Old Bawb Fitzsimmons—me twenty years older an' over fifty pounds lighter than Jeff—'as put up a brave fight. W'at do I read? That I've sold hout an' fought a cross—me with me ribs stove in an' a 'and broken from 'ittin' Jeff on 'ees thick 'ead!

"Well, sir, I just bursts into tears. I cries for three hours like a 'ysterical woman. In the hend me 'art goes funny, an' I comes near faintin' aw'y—for that 'ook under the short ribs 'as left me nerves all a-tangle—d'ye see? Me wife sees me turn paiper-color, an' 'ands me a drink of w'isky—the first I 'as in over a year. Then she calls a doctor.

"'There's nothink the matter of 'im,' says this sawbones beggar, sniffin' the booze, 'only 'ees drunk as a b'iled howl.'

"Then 'ee charges me twenty dollars. W'at d'ye think of that for a 'ard luck story? Knocked out by Jeff on a fluke an' w'en I 'as 'im in me power; accused of sellin' hout by a 'uddle of newspaper monkeys 'oo wouldn't know a fight if they met it in the street; an' for a finish bein' called a bloomin' drunkard by a doctor 'oo doan't know 'ees alive; an' 'im nippin' twenty for thus villifyin' of me!"

Mr. Fitzsimmons is not the only follower of Tom Cribb who comes to Rector's. A look across the room discovers at separate tables Kid McCoy, lean, cynical, with cruel mouth askew, in talk with Tod Sloan, who was a jockey and is now a speculator in stocks; Charlie Mitchell, round-faced, full-fed and essentially English, conversing with Mr. Donald, editor of the London Chronicle, over here to spend $600,000 in British gold for five big printing presses; and not twenty feet away sits Jim Corbett, doing the genteel and overdoing it sadly, with a bevy of young cubbies too rich to work. It is worth while to note that not one of these bruisers looks the part; no one on a hunt for gladiators would pick them out.

Why Bat Masterson Quit

WITH Mr. Mitchell is a gentleman whose appearance would not suggest his story. He is broad, powerful, with a full, kindly eye and a forehead that speaks generously of a first intelligence. In his way, he, too, is a type of the utter fighting man—the pure American type. He is Mr. Masterson, whose baptismal name of William Barclay has been shortened to "Bat," and who was aforetime celebrated in Western history as the indomitable sheriff of Dodge. Mr. Masterson's six-shooters in days gone blazed a path for the permanent coming of law and order to Dodge, which hamlet in its cradle-days was smoky and turbulent. True, through the unerring efforts of Mr. Masterson to preserve the peace, such gifted gun-players as Messrs. Kennedy, and Wagner, and Walker, and Updegraffe, and Sergeant King went down, others of their violent tribe paying fees to the local surgeon in return for personal repairs. But what then? Peaceful folk slept the sounder for these casualties; leaning for their security on the unblinking Mr. Masterson as the flock leans on the shepherd dog.

Mr. Masterson is an even fifty for years—not a great age. And yet how Western scenes have shifted during his brief days! Once he made his livelihood as a buffalo hunter, and killed thirty a day—he might have killed three hundred but for the simple reason that thirty robes a day were all he could stretch and scrape and cure. Later, he scouted for the Government in the Black Kettle wars. Then he was made peace officer in Dodge in years stormy with cowboys and staccatoed by careless six-shooters. All these occupations, like Othello's, are gone. The Indians, fat, lazy and hopeless on their reservations, paint no more for war; the buffalo, like the dodo, is a creature extinct; as marshal, Mr. Masterson is no longer in request. While the Western public is in the daily habit of shooting at the marshal, folk like Mr. Masterson have wide-flung vogue. When the Western public takes off its guns and most of our shooting is done on Broadway, some deserving politician holds the place and draws the pay of marshal.

Mr. Masterson has quit the West and does not want to go back.

"I'm out of that zone of fire," said Mr. Masterson, "and I don't care to return. I've thrown my pistols under the bed, and the only hardware I carry is a watch. I'm tired of war; the feeling has crept upon me like mosses upon stone. When I was a young fellow on the plains I used to fight Indians as part of the day's work. But there came a change; as I grew older I improved in common-sense. I noticed this when the troops at Fort Dodge wanted me to act as scout in the Dull Knife campaign; I discovered all at once that I'd grown tired of fighting people I couldn't surrender to. You can't surrender to a Cheyenne, no matter how willing you may be; so I wouldn't go. When President Roosevelt sent Ben Daniels to me with an invitation to join his Rough Riders, I found that I'd gone a step farther and got tired of fighting anybody, and that even the inestimable privilege of surrendering when licked was no longer an inducement."

Speaking of President Roosevelt, Mr. Masterson has just returned from a visit he paid the White House at the President's request. Mr. Masterson sat in the Cabinet room for two hours and watched the President receive callers and dispatch business.

"He's got the hardest job in the country," was the verdict of Mr. Masterson. "I'd sooner cut three cords of steamboat wood in any bend of the river any day than play his hand for one afternoon. To say nothing of three or four hundred people tearing your hand off, their jabber would drive you locoed. I listened to them for two hours, and they sounded like a coop of catbirds."

On this occasion, Mr. Masterson is with Mr. Mitchell and Mr. Donald. He is telling them of a murderous cripple who was the terror of a Colorado camp.

"And you'll get some notion," concluded Mr. Masterson, addressing Mr. Donald, for whose instruction he is more particularly engaged, "of this little rattlesnake when I say that he used a Winchester rifle for a crutch."

Mr. Carroll, once second in command to Mr. Croker in Tammany Hall, but presently out of joint with the organization, is having supper with ex-Mayor Van Wyck near the Broadway end. Mr. Carroll is speaking of some preposterous constituent.

"I got him a place," said Mr. Carroll, "as night watchman about a warehouse. What do you think? In two days he's back, and wants to borrow fifty dollars.

"'What do you want with it?' I asked.

"'I want to buy an express wagon,' he said.

"'Nonsense!' says I. 'A night watchman doesn't need an express wagon.'

"'He don't, don't he?' my man retorts. 'You'd better come an' take a look. There's no end of things down there I can't carry away in me arms.'"

Across the aisle from Mr. Carroll sit Sidney Harris, William Astor Chanler and Stewart Brice. Mr. Harris is tall and muscular, as befits one who in his day pulled the stroke oar of Columbia's eight. He has put away the sculls for the law-book, and soberly practices law with Roger A. Pryor. Mr. Chanler was in Congress four years ago; Mr. Harris and Mr. Brice are willing to go to Congress. This, doubtless, makes a bond of sympathy between them and Mr. Chanler.

Far back to the rear, keen of eye and white of hair, in full dress clothes, is Inspector McLaughlin, of the police. He has charge in the Tenderloin—that most difficult of principalities. In the old day, Inspector McLaughlin was Chief Byrnes' nearest and trusted lieutenant.

Gillette's Magic Card

ONE evening Mr. Gillette and I were dining in Delmonico's. Mr. Gillette was playing Sherlock Holmes. He told me of an adventure of the night before which rendered him as nervous as an aspen.

"It shows weak on my part," remarked Mr. Gillette disgustedly, "but I can't help it. I've been bothered for two days; I'll tell you how. Night before last I started from the Plaza Hotel in a hansom; I was due at the theatre in fifteen minutes. A wheel came off; the axle struck the pavement with a jolt, while the wheel wabbled over on to the sidewalk. It was the most popular thing I ever saw; 2000 people were there in a minute by the clock; Fifth Avenue was choked, traffic came to a halt.

"Of course, no harm was done; and yet a disquieting thought arose that has been as a nightmare to me ever since. Suppose I'd hurt somebody, or that confounded wheel had—suppose anything should happen hereafter that invoked the police? If I were arrested it would make a nice kettle of fish: a theatre full of people waiting, and me with no understudy! I must say, the contingency seems near enough to start the perspiration on me."

Inspector McLaughlin was dining across the room. I went over and explained the apprehensions of Mr. Gillette.

"I'll fix that," said Inspector McLaughlin, and calling for pen and ink he indorsed two telephone calls, one "night" and one "day," on the back of his card. "Give Mr. Gillette that card," he observed, "and tell him it is an order. Any officer, on being shown it, will call me night or day. Once I'm on the 'phone I'll straighten out the destinies of Mr. Gillette if they have become entangled with the police."

When I set forth the virtues of that magic card to Mr. Gillette he confessed himself wonderfully relieved. He may be still carrying it, as some folk carry luck stones and other talismanic bits.

Mr. Cosgrave has a table in Rector's this evening. Mr. Cosgrave is editor of Everybody's Magazine; it was he who argued Mr. Lawson into that serial on Frenzied Finance. Mr. Cosgrave has a lively eye and his conversation owns a literary flavor. He is talking with another magazine editor on the scarcity of the Short Story, which literature would seem to be as shy and sparse as Big Horn sheep.

With these gentlemen of the magazines is Mr. Adams, who wrote The Kidnapped Millionaires. Long ago, when Mr. Adams abode in Chicago, he was a leading spirit of the Whitechapel Club, which far-famed organization carried on its rolls such lights as George Ade, Brand Whitlock, Arthur Henry, Ben King and Finley Peter Dunne. The Whitechapel Club once put a ticket in the field, naming Mr. Adams for Mayor. He got 1600 votes on a Platform of Principles whereof the keynote was:

NO WATER! NO GAS! NO POLICE!

Mr. Adams has the gloomy bearing of a humorist; also, his rustical manner of beard gives his face a third party expression. Just now he is regaling Mr. Cosgrave and his friend with a story. To put Mr. Cosgrave in humor for the story, Mr. Adams pays him a compliment. Mr. Cosgrave's nose is large and able and self-reliant; it speaks of character and fineness. Mr. Adams declares that, had Napoleon met Mr. Cosgrave, the conqueror would have made him a Marshal of France, for the aggressive promise of his nose.

How Dooley Closed His Bar

MR. ADAMS then goes to his story, which has for its hero that Mr. McGarry who was the original of Mr. Dunne's "Dooley."

Mr. McGarry owned a little downtown gin-mill in Chicago that was a rendezvous for newspaper men. One winter's evening, when the snow lay deep, there was no one in the bar but Mr. McGarry and a journalist out of a job. Mr. McGarry lolled behind his bar; the journalist—for his comfort—sat near the base-burner; the two conversed cheerfully of nothing.

Three bibulous ones came in; they threw dice for liquor, finally for ten-dollar bills. The sight of such sums burned the eyes of the journalist. At last these reckless squanderers went their way, leaving Mr. McGarry and the journalist to themselves.

Perhaps a minute had elapsed when, with one eye and at the same moment, Mr. McGarry and the journalist beheld a ten-dollar bill on the floor. There was a leap, a scramble; McGarry versus the journalist. Alas! Mr. McGarry was seventy, while the journalist was but thirty and a football man from Princeton. Mr. McGarry was thrown several feet, and the journalist retrieved the treasure that had excited them.

Following these exploits, Mr. McGarry slowly picked himself from out the sawdust and went behind the bar. First he dusted his knees, and next rolled down his sleeves. Then he swabbed off the bar, counted the cash in the till, or, as he would have called it, the "damper." Finally he reached up for a gas-jet to turn it out.

"Well, son," said Mr. McGarry, "I'm going to close up."

"What's the matter?" queried the journalist; "it's only nine o'clock. You don't close till two."

"To-night I close at nine!" remarked Mr. McGarry; "me sishter's sick. Good-night," observed Mr. McGarry as he locked the door.

"Good-night," said the journalist.

It was the next evening, and the journalist came into Mr. McGarry's place of business. At sight of him Mr. McGarry smiled to the verge of making the smile a leer.

"What's the row?" demanded the journalist suspiciously.

"Oh," exulted Mr. McGarry, "I was too shmart for you lasht night. You know about that closin' up?"

"Yes."

"Well, it wasn't on th' level. After you had gone away I kem back an' opened up."

"What was it all about?"

"Son," said Mr. McGarry, sinking his voice to a whisper and looking inexpressibly cunning, "there was a twinty on th' flure you didn't see."

"Suppose there was! What was the need of going through that rigmarole? Why didn't you take it?"

"An' you prisint?" Mr. McGarry shook his gray head in a manner of intelligent caution. "No, indade; I was afraid you'd assasshinate me."

A Straight Tip from Mr. Gideon

MR. DAVID GIDEON is in Rector's this evening. Mr. Gideon was in the legislature with President Roosevelt, and followed him through one or two strenuous votes in the teeth of Tammany Hall and its orders. Mr. Gideon is slim, quiet—a Chesterfield fashion of man, whose politeness makes him the often victim of imposition. He rears racehorses, and then races them victoriously.

There is known to him a clerk at the Hoffman. Southern in his source, this clerk loves racehorses and the sport they furnish. Being eagerly a student of the pools, he hungers daily for racehorse instruction.

"Dave," he would say to Mr. Gideon, "Dave, can't you give me a good thing to-day?"

This got on Mr. Gideon's nerves. He does not like to furnish racehorse information. His hints might fail of success, and the one who had taken them lose money thereby; such an upcome would worry Mr. Gideon. Wherefore, to all inquiries concerning "good things" Mr. Gideon opened not definitely his mouth, but dodged reply. One day the query shifted.

"Dave, could you lend me fifty dollars till Tuesday?" asked the hotel clerk.

Of course Mr. Gideon could. As he peeled the fifty from a thick, fat roll a humor for sarcasm seized him.

"Now," quoth Mr. Gideon as he turned over the money, "you've been asking for a 'good thing' this month past. I'll give you one. I'll lay you six to five you don't pay me that fifty Tuesday."

"Good thing!" exclaimed the hotel clerk, arching his brows; "you call that good? Why, Dave, I could get eight to five across the street." Mr. Gideon relates this as a merry jest on himself.

As we emerge from Rector's, across Long Acre glow the new lights of William Waldorf Astor's big hotel—open a month, it is. The name recalls a story, told me long ago by the late Amos Cummings.

When Mr. Astor ran for Congress—and lost—one of his adherents was Tom Gould. Mr. Gould was a type. He was proud of his own physical strength; proud of Mr. Astor as his choice for the National Legislature. Any bibulous one who visited Mr. Gould's bar and expressed a dislike for Mr. Astor fell a prey to trouble.

Mr. Astor liked Mr. Gould, being struck with his amazing garb and untrammeled manners. The ladies at his house, to whom he spoke of Mr. Gould and his eccentricities of speech and dress, were smitten of a desire to know more of him. They besought Mr. Astor to invent an excuse and have Mr. Gould to the house, where they might rejoice their eyes and ears with him.

Mr. Astor made the excuse; Mr. Gould appeared. The latter wore a silk hat, a reefer jacket with white pearl buttons as large as silver dollars, checked trousers, striped shirt, red necktie and a waistcoat like unto an alarm of fire. Over all this splendor was cast a light green topcoat; for the air of autumn was chill.

Mr. Astor received his visitor in the drawing-room; presently the ladies of the household drifted in, and Mr. Gould was presented.

Having launched his adherent on what might be termed the tides of high society, Mr. Astor, to the end that the ladies study Mr. Gould at their ease, if not at his, made a pretense of retiring to the library in quest of certain papers of moment in his campaign. Left alone and unprotected, Mr. Gould was discouraged, and tried to hide it. The ladies themselves could think of nothing to say, but eyed Mr. Gould in timid silence.

Mr. Gould began to feel the strain; that he might be more at elegant ease he paced the floor—five majestic strides one way, then wheel and return.

This pedestrianism gave a measure of relief, and yet Mr. Gould felt the necessity of saying something. He must screen his awkwardness from the ladies and show them how he felt at home.

Suddenly, like a flood of light, a happy thought swept over him. Mr. Gould paused, half turned to his fair auditors, shrugged his square shoulders, inflated his deep chest, made a gesture with his hand, palm downward, and spake these words huskily:

"Soy, lydies! I'll bet y' a hundred dollars I kin lift th' pianny."

Over yonder sits George Broadhurst, playwright and actor. Last season Mrs. Leslie Carter was playing Du Barry, and Mr. Broadhurst, having business with that playmaker, was in the wings talking to Mr. Belasco. The play was nearing the close of the third act when Mr. Belasco excused himself to Mr. Broadhurst, remarking:

"Pardon me! There's some business at the close of this act that I want to watch."

Mr. Belasco takes his stand in the first entrance, O. P. side. The act ends; curtain; wild applause; Mrs. Carter "called." Mrs. Carter bows graciously, smiles and comes down toward footlights. Wild applause; Mrs. Carter still gracious and smiling. Some one—an usher, say you?—yells:

"Belasco!"

Mrs. Carter turns to Mr. Belasco, who stands flushed and trembling in the aforesaid first entrance.

"Mr. Belasco!" whispers Mrs. Carter so as to be heard in the farthest corner of the house. Then, "David!"

Shouts of approval from the hydra-headed public, who observe by-play. Mr. Belasco, in greatest confusion, reproaches Mrs. Carter in dumb show, waving his hands repressively. Mrs. Carter still gracious, still smiling, will not be repressed.

"B'lasco!" yells the hydra-headed.

Mr. Belasco continues to protest in agitated pantomime from his ambush in entrance. Mrs. Carter, saucily audacious, sides with hydra-headed.

"David!" she whispers.

"B'lasco!" howls the hydra-headed.

Thus harried from his seclusion, with modesty all awry, Mr. Belasco makes reluctant appearance. There is an uproarious burst from the hydra-headed. Mr. Belasco bows his acknowledgments in three motions:

"I thank you! (bow); *I thank you!* (bow); I THANK YOU! (bow)." The last fairly to his knees.

Then Mr. Belasco daintily hands Mrs. Carter off stage and backs from hydra-headed in a crouching attitude expressive of deep humility. The hydra-headed follow him with roars of approval. "What a hold Belasco has upon the public! He is their idol!" thinks Mr. Broadhurst.

Two weeks later; Mr. Broadhurst is again on the stage in converse with Mr. Belasco. The third act is waning to a close.

"Pardon me," says Mr. Belasco, "there's some business at the end of this act that I want to watch."

Mr. Belasco goes into ambush in first entrance O. P. Then follow in procession the howls of the hydra-headed, the coy smiles of Mrs. Carter, her saucy unmasking of the shrinking Mr. Belasco, more howls from the hydra-headed, and the final:

"I thank you! (bow); *I thank you!* (bow); I THANK YOU! (bow);" and the crouching retreat.

This time, however, the sophisticated Mr. Broadhurst is not transfixed; he is instructed. He says he means to do it himself this season.

In the General Manager's Car

By J. E. CALKINS

THE moment the padded swing doors waved shut behind him the din of the warring street was hushed by the dim, cool silence of the cavernous rotunda of the great general office building as by the heart of the pyramid. J. Dunlow Maxson passed with the ease of the light of heart up to the ponderous door that bore the legend, "General Manager," in letters of gold.

"Hello, Sam!" he said cordially to the colored porter who opened to him. "Anybody in to-day to see General Manager Maxson?" The colored man smiled, mightily amused at this pleasantry of the general manager's friend. Maxson paused at the huge flat-top desk which stood imposingly in the middle of the big room, glancing at a stack of letters and telegrams which awaited official attention; then he stepped to the alcove and hung up his light coat, and asked again good-humoredly: "Nobody called to-day to sell us a second-hand railroad, or anything?"

"No, suh," replied the colored man; "but there's a message there for you, suh."

It was a short message, simply:

> Bring the three hundred, stocked, with John and Peter, also a lady stenographer, on train twenty-one Tuesday evening. Meet me Omaha Wednesday morning. Out three weeks. MERADITH.

"Also lady stenographer!" It was absurd, but that was the plain word. Maxson studied it with a frowning brow.

"Sam," he said, "who gets out Mr. Meradith's car for him when he goes out in it?"

"Mr. Pahkins, suh. Would you like to see him, suh?"

"Yes," said Maxson; "send him in as soon as he can come." After which he fell again into oblivious perusal of the telegram and did not emerge till Mr. Parkins, a brisk little clerk of middle age, stood by his side.

"Mr. Parkins," he began, arousing from his trance and whirling about, "Mr. Meradith wants me to leave here with the 300 on Twenty-one this afternoon, to meet him in Omaha to-morrow morning. Here! Read it yourself;" and he thrust the message into Mr. Parkins' hand. "Tell me what you make of that," he demanded.

"Why," began Mr. Parkins with the drawl of perfect certainty, "I'll see that the 300 is ready for you on the rear of Twenty-one, and you get on it and get off at Omaha to-morrow morning. Leave here at 5:30 this afternoon."

"Yes, I understand that," said Maxson; "but that woman stenographer?"

Parkins focused himself again upon the telegram and caught what he had not seen before. He, too, became absorbed in serious thought, and his brow, usually serene, sagged under the weight of his frown.

"I give it up," he said at last. "I think this message has got mixed in transmission. I will wire him for an explanation."

"But suppose he means what this says?" questioned Maxson. "What do I do then? Will you find her for me?"

Parkins smiled faintly. "I don't know," he said in a manner more dubious than his words. "There is only one good woman stenographer in the building, the president's secretary, and now while he is away on the road she is out of town. I don't know——" He became very reflective indeed. "I am sure it is a mistake," he said with great positiveness. "Where is Mr. Jones, your regular man?"

THEY WERE TO EAT ON THE TRAIN! THEN SHOULD SHE WEAR HER HAT OR NOT?

"Went to the country when Meradith left on the president's special," replied Maxson. "Back to-morrow." They both grew abstracted; then Maxson asked: "Who does Meradith use when he can't have Jones?"

"He has had Jimmy Hampton, from Mr. Wade's office," replied Parkins. "But I don't know what this means."

"Suppose you find out—if you can," suggested Maxson; "and in the mean time I'll find the stenographer—if I can." He looked at the clock and whistled. "Three hours to train time! Er—Mr. Parkins, will you see that there is plenty of carbonated water on the car? And some of those preserved figs? And cut out the mutton. Mr. Meradith hates it." And so they sped, each to hasten his own arrangements.

Maxson had a dozen things to look after on his own account, but first he called a cab and drove to a sorrowful-looking but respectable boarding-house, where he asked for Miss Edith Gordon. She was out, but would return in an hour.

"Is it anything about a position for her?" asked the landlady with a look of interest that suggested a financial basis for her concern in Miss Gordon's welfare.

"Well, yes," said Maxson. "I don't know but I may have found something for her—for a time."

"Oh, I hope you have!" exclaimed the woman. "She is almost sick with disappointment, and this morning she gave it up. She said her money was 'most gone, and she must get back to her folks while she had enough left to buy a ticket. She is such a sweet girl!"

The woman's sincerity quite overcame Maxson's notion that her interest was purely selfish.

"Tell her to telephone West 269," he said. "And—don't promise too much. But I want to hear from her, sure. Here is my card with the number on it."

Meantime Parkins, by one of those curious inefficiencies that now and then mar the actions of the infallible man, telegraphed General Manager Meradith, care the general manager's office, the Union Pacific, Omaha, asking what the message meant, instead of requesting a careful repeating. As Meradith was in Council Bluffs all that afternoon and evening the query did not reach him till too late to have any bearing on the matter.

Absorbed in the details of his own work, and the preparation for the run of the 300, Parkins forgot to follow the thing up till within an hour of train time. Then he sent a service on his message to Omaha. This resulted in nothing, of course. It was almost five o'clock when he thought to ask that the message be repeated. The wires were very busy then, and it was twenty minutes after five when the reply reached him, and except himself nearly every clerk in the general office building had left for home.

Edith Gordon, discouraged beyond tears, returned from Miss Gary's within ten minutes after Maxson's departure from her boarding house. In despair of making large money by clerical work in the city she had taken a short course in cutting and fitting, as practiced there, with certain visions, and even hopes, of a shop of her own back in the little Iowa village. Its painful associations had recently driven her to the city, but since then the city had been so coldly cruel that she had been led to look back to the hamlet as an actual haven of rest. It was in this mood that she received Maxson's card and message.

She fled, in tumultuous hope, to the corner drug store, and thence telephoned West 269. Mr. Maxson was not in. She returned, after an eternity of twenty minutes, and telephoned again, and still he was not in. At half-past three she called a third time, and then she reached him. All that she

"EXCUSE ME, PLEASE, BUT WON'T YOU LET ME CALL YOU WHEN I NEED YOU?"

learned, however, was that he had a somewhat uncertain order for a woman stenographer to serve General Manager Meradith, of the Bee Line, at Omaha, for three weeks; that it might be countermanded, but that, if she wished to undertake it, he would call at 4:45, either to take her and her luggage to the train, or to tell her no. Rather a sandy foundation to build castles on, but nevertheless there arose in her mind such a towering fabric of hopeful visions as would have appalled Maxson if he had known.

Promptly on time his smart carriage stopped at her dingy door. When he met her in the weary-looking reception-room her anxious face seemed to match its tarnished settings in its show of wear and worry; but he told her that he had come to get her, not to disappoint her, and her countenance was straightway transfigured.

When she had come to him with her note of introduction, a month before, he had seen that she was a sweet, pretty girl; out of the mode, yet becomingly dressed; a product of the country, but one too fine to be reared in the clash and crush of the city. Her face had the delicate beauty of a frail blossom, and her manner was that of a lady of refinement, though sadly unsophisticated. All her sweetness would have been wasted on Maxson as on the desert air if it had not been for that obvious unsophistication. She was plainly as unfitted for the city grind as a pansy for the middle of State Street. Her innocence stirred him to pity, and he really did try to find work for her. Of course, he had thought of her at once when Meradith's message came, and now, as he saw her face, glorified by new-risen hope, the tremble of her hand, and the two or three tears of joyous relief from the strain she had undergone, he dealt very gently with her, and talked to her while they drove.

A porter carried his smart suit-cases and her frayed satchel and forlorn little telescope, for both of which she blushed, as Maxson piloted her through the big entrance, passing the keeper of the awesome iron gate with a familiar word, and on to the forward end of the last car of a spick-and-span train in the murk of the great shed.

In all her life she had never ridden in the last car on such a train as that. In all her life no smart porter had made great haste to place for her a carpeted stool wherewith to shorten her steps to such a grand gilt-railed platform. She had never entered any car through such a door of flawless glass—glass clear down to her feet!—as that by which she hesitantly stepped, after Maxson, into a veritable room. And such a room! Opulence, magnificence, luxury, all about her, underfoot and overhead. She knew Maxson was making a mistake. This was no passenger car; it had table and chairs and deeply-cushioned lounges. The carpets gave under her feet so softly that she might have slept on them; the woodwork was of impossible beauty, with perfect mirrors framed in its rich panels; the windows were vast spaces of crystal plate, as large as three windows in the cars she had known; all the metal-work was of silver or delicate bronze; a great potted fern waved its graceful fronds from a tiny alcove, and a beautiful desk, polished like a piano, stood with its back against the rear wall.

In her wonder she did not notice where Maxson went, or even that he had gone, until she discovered that he was not there. She stared at the slim little door that led back into the car at the corner. How strange! She had thought that all car doors were in the exact centre. Then she looked at the door by which she had entered, and was surprised to find that it was in the corner, too, but on the opposite side of the car. She leaned back in the willowy chair in which Maxson had placed her when she entered, and looked out into the arc-lighted gloom, slyly tapping the glass with her finger to satisfy herself that there was really glass there. When she turned again to look about her Maxson was once more at her side.

"Come, now," he said, "and I will show you your place."

This was the end of the beautiful dream, then: the awakening. This palace might be for him; it could not be for her. But her understanding gave place to deeper bewilderment when, instead of leading the way forward, where she now knew she belonged, Maxson faced to the rear of the train, pushing open the little glass door, and walking ahead of her down the narrow passage at which she had so looked and wondered. She felt a gentle tremor of the floor, and saw the iron fence and the crowds back of it, and the nearer people on the station platform, slowly gliding past. They had started—whither? Surely this leading of Maxson's was all wrong, but he was a dozen feet ahead of her, and whether she followed his lead or called him to a halt she must still follow him till she could catch up.

"This is your stateroom," said Maxson.

She gazed at him in total incomprehension, but she entered the door, for she seemed unable to resist, or even ask a question. He leaned inside the door after her, but did not set foot in the room.

"You will find water and towels, and everything comfortable, I think," he said. "If you want anything just push this button here, and the porter will answer."

"But——" she began, struggling to force a few plain words into her service; "I didn't mean to take a sleeper, you know." Her eyes were large with wonder and concern.

"Oh, I know!" said Maxson, smiling kindly, but not in the least amused by her lack of understanding; "but this is all right. You couldn't do much work to-morrow if you fought with one of those chair-car seats all night, and Mr. Meradith may have quite an amount of work for you. Now take your time. We'll not have supper for half an hour."

"But we forgot to buy a ticket—for me, I mean." Her wide eyes searched his face with such childlike inquiry that he almost felt ashamed to so impose upon her.

"So we did," said Maxson in perfect unconcern. "But we are on the train, and I will tell the conductor you are General Manager Meradith's secretary. He won't put you off." She stared at him frankly as a child stares at that which it does not understand.

"But I——" She was just going to say that she should not want any supper because she had brought lunch with her. It was packed in that shamefaced little telescope. But she did not say it for fear of some terrible gaucherie, and while she looked and hesitated he went on to tell her how he had felt for a month that he ought to treat her to a dinner, or something, on their mutual friend's account, and that he should be charmed to have her company at table that evening.

"Where—do we eat on the train?" she asked.

"Yes, on the train, in about half an hour. I will wait for you in the room ahead." And with a smiling bow he was gone.

At just about this instant Mr. Parkins cantered through the iron gate, and out upon the station platform, a sheet of paper in his grasp, and gazed after them, a block away, and fast gathering speed on the open line through the yards. He looked a few moments, then quietly walked back, folding up the message and placing it in his pocket.

Her stateroom! She had heard of stateroom cars as some remote grandeur reserved for great men. The splendors of this room and the unnerving reflection that there might be a bankrupting charge for all this at the end of the journey completely overcame her. And still, as she looked about her, at the wide brass bed, the marble stand and its glittering fixtures, the clustered lights, the curtains, the velvet, the fine finish, the sensuous coziness of it all, she felt somehow strangely delighted. All this, and perhaps more, was hers, for the night at least. Somehow dominion had been given unto her, and all things had been put under her feet. She could hear the wheels dully rumbling there, and the vibration and swing of the car gave her a great uplift she could not describe. She loved travel, and she had had so little of it. She would enjoy this, at any rate, while it lasted.

HE MADE SHIFT TO SHAKE A FIST OVER HER HEAD AT MAXSON

She laid off hat and cloak and gloves, as Maxson had bidden. She experimented with the silver faucets till the water gushed forth, and bathed her feverish forehead and face. She was careful to use but the mere end of one of the towels that peeped, deftly folded, from the high lattice rack, for economies had been so directly in her line her whole life that they had become a constitutional habit.

They were to eat on the train! Then should she wear her hat, or should she not? She had seen the diners pass through her little town, and she now remembered that at their tables there were women with hats and women without. She decided she would be surer if she wore one. She carefully brushed and picked every possible scrap of fluff and lint from her garments, and made every last possible adjustment. Then, when she shyly appeared beside the chair in which J. Dunlow Maxson was lounging, in the forward room, her face warm with the soft tint of excitement, her manner expectant yet hesitant, her eyes shining, that blasé young man felt his heart almost leap within him. He had never seen a fairer picture, and he was on his feet in an instant.

"I am afraid you are tired waiting for me," she began, smiling and halting, and not knowing what to say.

"Oh, not at all! Not at all!" he exclaimed profusely. He pushed a button on the wall, and a bell rang somewhere behind them. "I hadn't a thing to do but to wait your pleasure," he said, looking kindly at her as she looked almost pleadingly at him. "Did you find everything all right?" He asked the question as though he meant to kill somebody if anything had been wrong.

"Oh, my, yes!" she exclaimed in an awestruck voice. "It was all so beautiful!"

"Sit down here," he gently commanded, pushing a wide, cushioned, dark rattan chair toward her, and drawing his own up to face it as she obeyed him. "We will have dinner in a few minutes."

"I didn't know," she said, half fearful. "You didn't say just where we were to eat, and I—anyway, I wore my hat." He felt that she was appealing to him for guidance and protection.

"That was right," he said roundly. "Or, if you wish, you can lay it off at dinner. Just as you prefer. You are supposed to be at home here." A colored man appeared at the narrow door. "Dinner is served," he announced; and Maxson rose and said, "Come. This way," and led into the dim, narrow passage again.

She followed him, not to the expected dining-car ahead, but to the rear of their own car. Unsteady with the lurch and the sway, she stepped behind him into a brilliant room, full half a dozen yards long, light as day, bright with flowers, and in its centre such a table as she had never seen spread. She believed its china and silver were worth a fortune, and its napery was so fine that she hesitated to touch it. It was set for two. There seemed to be no other passengers. A flood of questions rose in her mind, but she did not ask them; she accepted the moment, and waited for what might happen.

"WE CANNOT GO ON NOW, BUT WE WILL COME BACK SOON AND SEE ALL THIS, AND MORE; SHA'N'T WE?"

The dinner passed like a dream. Food appeared from somewhere, and she ate with uneasy thoughts of her poor little dress in the midst of this magnificence. Then a strain of dulcet music set the air throbbing to the step of a delicious waltz, and Maxson was genial and gentlemanly and entertaining, and finally she relaxed and yielded, and began to enjoy herself without fear.

They sat a long time at the table, while Maxson told her about Meradith, and the way he had worked up from the ranks; his kindness to the men whom he held in such obedience, and their affection for him. "If it were daylight, and Meradith were here," said he, "you would see him pick up some battered old section boss here or there along the road, carry him half an hour in the car, and then pass him back. He would have some man or other in here half the time. He keeps close to his men. He has been one of them, is one of them yet, and they all know it. He can pick up a low joint, or make a differential coupling, or skate along the roof on the sleet and set brakes, or fire, or even run an engine, and they don't fool him."

And incidentally, while she thought he was doing most of the talking, he deftly led her to tell her own pitiful little story, barely short of hardship and full of sadness, struggle and disappointment. It would have moved a harder man than Maxson.

Then he opened a bookcase and took out the late magazines, and books that in all her hungry life she had never seen nor heard of. If he had next unlocked a safe and laded her with jewels she would not have been surprised, for as they had talked wonders had multiplied about them. A swinging dial that hung from the ceiling told which direction they were going, however they might twist and curve; another dial on the wall showed in plain figures how fast they were running; still to the rear, behind the room they sat in, there was a wide, snug porch, with roof and sides, and one of the staterooms was the most wonderful kitchen ever contrived of man. What else there might be for future revelation she could not guess.

He sat watching her as she eagerly scanned the bright pages in her hands, pretending himself to read. She stole a sly glance at him, not knowing he was watching, and their eyes met. She blushed with embarrassment, and he laughed.

"I own up!" he cried. "But, you know, that hat of yours is very becoming." Then he grew sober. "Let me suggest something," he continued. "Take such of these books as you want, and go to your room. The lights are good. You have had a trying day to-day, and you need rest. You may not feel sleepy, but if you don't, you can read."

"Yes, I think I will, if you don't care," she said, and obediently followed him to the door of her room.

"Here you are," he said pleasantly; "number three. I guess you can remember it. This is car 300, you know. Is there anything you want me to show you? How the lights work, or anything?" He glanced about in a comprehensive way, noting that windows, transoms, curtains and such details seemed to be right. Then he added: "Remember, if you push the button here the porter will answer. You will be called in the morning by the bell in your room here. Good-night!"

She watched his friendly smile fade away in the half light of the little passageway, and closed her door and bolted it. She had seen the car 300 in her little home town; had read about it and General Manager Meradith. Now it was her home for the night. To-morrow she would be working under his orders. A chill of nervousness ran over her—to-morrow!

. . . . . .

The little gong in number three rang with such buzz and jingle that it made the sleeping girl beneath it start till her head throbbed. Everything was strange—for an instant. Then she knew; it was to-morrow.

And it was to-morrow for J. Dunlow Maxson, too. Ten minutes after he had shown Edith Gordon to her stateroom the night before he got a message. It was dated Chicago and signed Parkins, and it read thus:

> Words "a lady" should read Wade's. Meradith meant you bring Hampton, clerk in office G. R. Wade, gfa. Hampton follows on forty-three.

Maxson sat up till midnight, smoking, reading, figuring out the error with the Morse code, and picturing the consequences. He found that the order of dots and dashes was the same for both readings. A little carelessness in transmission and receiving, and a little bungling guesswork, had done it. He saw the outburst of the general manager, for that genial official could be very emphatic upon occasion. He saw a sweet, innocent young face, clouded with the anguish of bitter disappointment and bedewed with tears. And he had glimmerings of a vision of himself essaying the fatherly rôle of comforter with only fair success. Then he went to bed, and in five minutes was asleep. That was as long as any burden not distinctly his very own ever weighed on his buoyant spirits.

Once Ethel Gordon had spent a night on the train in a chair car. The adventure still haunted her after the fashion of a fiendish nightmare. The aching weariness, the drafts and chill, the heavy air, the awful discords of noisy sleepers, the endless passage of persons through the train, the glare of light in her eyes, the Procrustean tortures of that rack of torment miscalled a chair—how they all made mocking parade of themselves as she luxuriated in the generous appointments of stateroom number three of the general manager's car!

"Good-morning," said Maxson, springing from his chair as she came softly into the office at the front of the car. "You look charmingly fresh for a young lady who has lain awake and read all night. And now I suppose you are hungry enough to eat the cook?"

No; she hadn't thought of hunger. She had been more interested in that which was to be seen from the window. They were running swiftly through the green bottomlands of a Western Iowa stream, and the country houses, the fields, the woods, the cattle, the little towns and their ugly red elevators, and the bucolic people on the wooden platforms at the stations, all struck home upon her. She had often seen the regal 300 pass, as it was passing now, and had envied the favored mortals privileged to occupy such a wheeled palace. So a charming breakfast passed, and half an hour on the observation platform in the rear, where she softly said to herself, "How lovely it all is! How beautiful!" while Maxson watched her with keen, comprehending eyes.

All she saw of Omaha was the glimpse of trainsheds, high brick buildings, cindery yards and sooty switch engines which she caught from the window of the rear apartment of the 300. She was there by Maxson's suggestion. "Mr. Meradith may bring somebody aboard with him on business," said he, "so you'd better wait here till he rings. I will be on hand to make you feel acquainted."

The 300 was quickly switched to the rear of the Prairie Flyer, by orders all understood, and the Flyer was starting, when the general manager, with the grace gained by long practice, swung easily aboard, alone, leaving a group of three men with whom he had been talking.

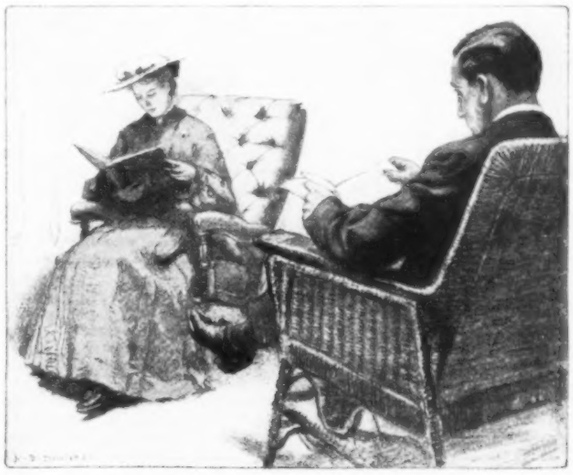
"Hello, Dun.," he said, shaking Maxson's hand. "Here all right?"

"Well," drawled Maxson dubiously, "I am here, but I don't know how near right you will think it is. This is the message I got at 2:30 yesterday afternoon," and he placed the bungled telegram in Meradith's hand. "Of course," he added, after a fraction of a minute, in which brief space of time the mobile face of the general manager underwent some interesting changes of expression, "of course, I suspected a mistake, and got Parkins to tracing for it, but I didn't hear till we had been on the train an hour. Then this came." He handed over the correct reading.

"Till we were on the train an hour?" queried the general manager, with a heavy emphasis on the "we" and a queer look at Maxson. "Who is 'we'?"

"Don't shoot till you see her, Charlie," pleaded Maxson. "She is a poor young thing from the country, as sweet and innocent as they grow out there, as poor as it is possible to be, and as pretty as a picture. She came to me a month ago, with a note from a friend of mine, hunting work in Chicago! You can imagine that, can't you? She was trying to forget a stepmother out there in Iowa, and she had a great deal of hope and very little money; but after tramping the town for a situation about three weeks the money outlasted the hope. She was headed home when this fool message of yours came along. I spoke to her about it, and she cried at the chance. I couldn't swear you didn't mean what this said, and I couldn't find out, and so I brought her. Now I just want to say this: if you don't want her you needn't be burdened with her. I told her it might be three weeks, and it is going to be three weeks, even if she quits right now before she begins. Break it to her as gently as you can, ship her back home first-class, and look to me for her pay at twenty a week, and transportation and incidentals—only don't you hurt her. She has stood enough, and she can't stand anything of that kind. And I won't."

The general manager stood and looked at Maxson; not in anger, but as though he were striving to grasp some definite notion of the situation. At last he said: "Where is she?"



HE SAT WATCHING HER AS SHE EAGERLY SCANNED THE BRIGHT PAGES IN HER HANDS, PRETENDING HIMSELF TO READ

"In the rear parlor. She will come when you ring," replied Maxson.

The general manager unlocked and opened his desk, and seated himself at it. The big bundle of letters that had reposed in the general office the day before he released from their rubber band and disposed before him. Then he rang.

When she came timidly into the room, barely past the door, her cheeks pale with a bright spot in the centre, her eyes wide and nervous, her face faintly smiling in sheer fright, he rose from his chair. In all his thirty-eight strenuous years he had not seen a fairer woman.

And as he stood looking at her, the girl saw not the imposing presence she had expected, but a man rather under than above the average height, slender of waist yet broad and square of shoulder, and steady and reserved of manner. His smooth face showed force in every line and curve; his hair was the soft, untouched brown of a lad, but his eye was the eye of an eagle. It seemed to search her through and through.

Then he lifted his hat, took her slender, trembling hand, smiled on her in a friendly way, and said he was glad to meet her. The general manager of the Bee Line was glad to meet her!

She trembled so that she could hardly stand, and yet she did not know why, for there seemed nothing to fear. She gladly sank into the chair he asked her to take, while he studied her a little longer, and asked her kindly questions about herself, her skill and experience at work. She wondered if he was able to read her untruth. How was she to know that he was gazing at her because he could not take his eyes off her face?

"Here are three typewriters, Miss Gordon," he said. "Which do you prefer?"

"Oh! I can use them all," she said in a scared little voice; then, with greater courage, "but I like this make best, I think." She indicated a machine she had used most.

"All right." He pressed a button, and the colored man came. "Peter, letterheads and blanks for Miss Gordon. Now, Miss Gordon, if you are ready I'll let you take a letter." And her dash into business was begun.

From his seat the general manager could read her face without being seen by her. Long and toilful practice had made her a really quick writer of shorthand, and she handled the machine well, and read without hesitation. She was soon absorbed in her work, but it was almost as soon finished, and she rose to hand the great man the sheets of paper she had filled, and then returned, palpitating, to her chair. He read them, slowly and critically, and when he had finished he said: "That will do for the present, Miss Gordon. I will ring for you when I am ready for you." If he felt any interest in her it did not show in his businesslike words.

"Read this," said the general manager, handing the newly-written pages to Maxson as soon as the girl was gone. The young man did as bidden, then handed them back.

"Did you hear that lunacy I gave her?" asked the general manager.

"I should say I did," replied Maxson with emphatic rising inflection. "It was a great consolation to me. I'm glad to know that I am not the only idiot on this car." He assumed a savageness he did not feel, because it seemed to be the easiest line of defense.

"I did that to try her," the general manager explained in his mildest voice. "Every stenographer I have ever had, but one, would hand in anything I handed out: bad grammar, bad sense and all, with occasional freak spelling thrown in. But do you see how this came back? Everything as straight as the book itself. By George, she's a wonder!" Then he looked hard at the young man and added: "And you've put me in a nice fix!"

"Well," said Maxson warmly, "fire her. I'll pay the freight, I tell you."

"You knew that a woman had no more place in this car than a pet pony, and yet you believed that fool message."

"Fire her!" half shouted Maxson. "Give her a good letter, and fire her so far you'll never see her light, and draw on me."

"She is nothing but a full-grown, innocent, unsuspecting, confiding child," the general manager went on, as though talking to himself; "and she trusts us implicitly—you can see it in her face. Just a sweet, uncontaminated child, tramping around the country with two sweet things like you and me, and no chaperon!" pursued the general manager, as though he had not heard a word. Maxson merely twisted in his chair and chewed at his cigar. His hat was tilted so that the general manager could not see the smile on his face.

"Giddy old bachelor of a general manager," continued the melancholy voice, "at conferences of shippers, and Chamber of Commerce banquets, and gentlemen's agreement meetings, with a girl with a notebook and the face of an angel tagging around after me. Lovely arrangement! Friend of mine fixed it up for me! And she's a lady, too, and too guileless to see where it puts her. A lady." His voice had begun in derision, but it ended in pathos.

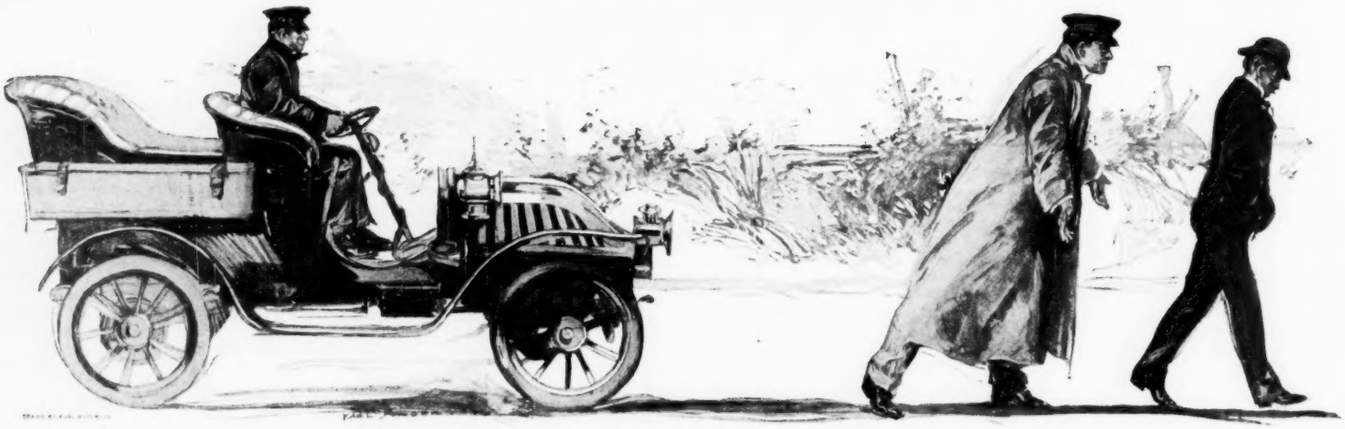
"Yes!" snapped Maxson, making a fine show of hot temper as he whirled about from the window; "and a lady who broke down and cried at the sight of honest work and ready money. I can just tell you that I am glad I brought her. You ought to have seen her take in the car last night. This trip has been a vision of fairyland to her."

"Yes," said the general manager dryly. "That makes it easy to drop her off now." Then he turned to his desk again.

It was a busy morning he put in with his new clerk. There were things that puzzled her, but she was alert to learn. Letters, telegrams, memoranda and what not accumulated, first in her notebooks and then on the desk. She forgot the sway and rumble, the strange new country which she had never seen before, but which was now steadily slipping by her window as she worked, nor she wrought on with an intensity that won Meradith's respect for her powers and affection for her steadfastness. Her awe had abated, but there remained with her the uplifting sense of elation. She was the right hand of one of the great industrial forces of the country; no longer a gazer at a passing private car, but an essential part of the great machinery of brain and nerve within it. She forgot the lapse of time till Meradith said: "I think that will do for this morning, Miss Gordon. Now, if you will go to your room and get a bit of rest we will have lunch in half an hour." He held open the door for her,

(Concluded on Page 22)

JONES



IT WAS A QUEER PROCESSION. FIRST JONES, THEN ME, THEN THE CAR

The Chronicle of a Courtship by Pursuit

By LLOYD OSBOURNE

III

THE house-party had grown a little larger than was originally intended. On Saturday night we sat down twelve to dinner. Doctor Jones and I shared a room together, and I must say whatever misgivings I might have had about him wore away very quickly on closer acquaintance. In the first place he looked well in evening dress, carrying himself with a sort of shy, kind air that became him immensely. At table he developed the greatest of conversational gifts—that of the appreciative and intelligent listener. I heard one of the guests asking Eleanor who was that charming young man. Freddy and I hugged each other (I mean metaphorically, of course) and gloried in his success. In the presence of an admirer (such is the mystery of women) Eleanor instantly got fifteen points better looking, and you wouldn't have known her for the same girl. Freddy thought it was the two-hundred-and-fifty-dollar gown she wore, but I could see it was deeper than that. She was thawing in the sunshine of love, and I'll do Doctor Jones the justice to say that he didn't hide his affection under a bushel. It was generous enough for everybody to bask in, and in his pell-mell ardor he took us all to his bosom. The women loved him for it, and entered into a tacit conspiracy to gain him the right-of-way to wherever Eleanor was to be found. In fact, he followed her about like a dog, and she could scarcely move without stepping on him.

Sunday was even better. One of the housemaids drank some wood alcohol by mistake for Vichy water, and the resulting uproar redounded to Jones' coolness, skill and dispatch. He dominated the situation and—well, I won't describe it, this not being a medical weekly, and the reader probably being a good guesser. Mrs. Matthewman remarked significantly that it must be nice to be the wife of a medical man—one would always have the safe feeling of a doctor at hand in case anything happened at night! Eleanor said it was a beautiful profession that had for its object the alleviation of human pain. Freddy jealously tried to get in a good word for boxers, but nobody would listen to her except me. It was all Jones, Jones, Jones, and the triumphs of modern medicine. Altogether he sailed through that whole day with flying colors, first with the housemaid, and then afterward at church where he was the only one that knew what Sunday after Epiphany it was. He made it plainer than ever that he was a model young man and a pattern. Mrs. Matthewman compared him to her departed husband, and talked about old-fashioned courtesy and the splendid men of her youth. Everybody fell over everybody else to praise him. It was a regular Jones boom. People began to write down his address, and ask him if he'd be free Thursday, or what about Friday, and started to book seats in advance.

That evening, as I was washing my hands before dinner and cheerfully whistling Hiawatha, I became conscious that Jones was lolling back on a sofa at the dark end of the room. What particularly arrested my attention was a groan—a hollow, reverberatory groan—preceded by a pack of heartrending sighs. It worried me—when everything seemed to be going so well. He had every right to be whistling Hiawatha, too.

"What's the matter, Jones?" said I.

He keeled over on the sofa, and groaned louder than ever.

"It isn't possible—that she's refused you?" I exclaimed.

He muttered something about his mother.

"Well, what about your mother?" I said.

"Westoby," he returned, "I guess I was the worst kind of fool to ever put my foot into this house."

That was nice news, wasn't it? Just as I was settling in my head to buy that Seventy-second Street place, and altering the basement into a garage!

"You see, old man, my mother would never consent to my marrying Eleanor. I'm in the position of having to choose between her and the woman I love. And I owe so much to my mother, Westoby. She stinted herself for years to get me through college; she hardly had enough to eat; she . . ." Then he groaned a lot more.

"I can't think that your mother—a mother like yours, Jones—would consent to stand between you and your lifelong happiness. It's morbid—that's what I call it—morbid, just to dream of such a thing."

"There's Bertha," he quavered.

"Great Scott, and who's Bertha?"

"The girl my mother chose for me two years ago—Bertha McNutt, you know. She'd really prefer me not to marry at all, but if I must—it's Bertha, Westoby—Bertha or nothing!"

"It's too late to say that now, old fellow."

"It's not too late for me to go home this very night."

"Well, Jones," I broke out, "I can't think you'd do such a caddish thing as that. Think it over for a minute. You come down here; you sweep that unfortunate girl off her feet; you make love to her with the fury of a stage villain; you force her to betray her very evident partiality for you—and then you have the effrontery to say: 'Good-by. I'm off.'"

"My mother——" he began.

"You simply cannot act so dishonorably, Jones."

He sat silent for a little while.

"My mother——" he started in again.

"Surely your mother loves you?" I demanded.

"That's the terrible part of it, Westoby, she——"

"Pooh!"

"She stinted herself to get me through col——"

"Then why did you ever come here?"

"That's just the question I'm asking myself now."

"I don't see that you have any right to assume all that about your mother, anyway. Eleanor Van Coort is a woman of a thousand—unimpeachable social position—a little fortune of her own—accomplished, handsome, charming, sought after—— Why, if you managed to win such a girl as that your mother would walk on air."

"No, she wouldn't," said Jones. "Bertha——"

"You're a pretty cheap lover," I said. "I don't set up to be a little tin hero, but I'd go through fire and water for *my* girl. Good Heavens, love is love, and all the mothers——"

FORLORNLY WENT UP TO BED

He let out a few more groans.

"Then, see here, Jones," I went on, "you owe some courtesy to our hostesses. If you went away to-night it would be an insult. Whatever you decide to do later, you've simply got to stay here till Tuesday morning!"

"Must I?" he said, in the tone of a person who is ordered not to leave the sinking ship.

"A gentleman has to," I said.

He quavered out a sort of acquiescence, and then asked me for the loan of a white tie. I should have loved to give him a bowstring instead, with somebody who knew how to operate it. He was a fluff, that fellow—a tarnation fluff!

IV

IT WAS a pretty glum evening all round. Most of them thought that Jones had got the chilly mitt. Eleanor looked pale and undecided, not knowing what to make of Jones' death's-head face. She was resentful and pitying in turns, and I saw all the material lying around for a first-class conflagration. Freddy was a bit down on me, too, saying that a smoother method would have ironed out Jones, and that I had been headlong and silly. She cried over it, and wouldn't kiss me in the dark; and I was goaded into saying—— Well, the course of true love ran in bumps that night. There was only one redeeming circumstance, and that was my managing to keep Jones and Eleanor apart. I mean that I insisted on being number three till at last poor Eleanor said she had a headache, and forlornly went up to bed.

Jones was still asleep when I got up the next morning at six and dressed myself quietly so as not to awake him. It was now Monday, and you can see for yourself there was no time to spare. I gave the butler a dollar, and ordered him say that unexpected business had called me away without warning, but that I should be back by luncheon. I rather overdid the earliness of it all. At least, I hove off 1892 Eighth Avenue at 8:15 A. M. I loitered about; looked at pawnshop windows; gave a careful examination to a forty-eight-dollars-ninety-eight-cent complete outfit for a four-room flat; had a chat with a policeman; assisted at a runaway; advanced a nickel to a colored gentleman in distress; had my shoes shined by another; helped a child catch an escaped parrot—and still it wasn't nine! Idleness is a grinding occupation, especially on Eighth Avenue in the morning.

Mrs. Jones was a thin, straight-backed, brisk old lady, with a keen tongue, and a Yankee faculty for coming to the point. I besought her indulgence, and laid the whole Eleanor matter before her—at least, as much of it as seemed wise. I appeared in the rôle of her son's warmest admirer and best friend.

"Surely you won't let Harry ruin his life from a mistaken sense of his duty to you?"

"Duty, fiddlesticks," said she. "He's going to marry Bertha McNutt!"

"But he doesn't want to marry Bertha McNutt!"

"Then he needn't marry anybody."

She seemed to think this a triumphant answer. Indeed, in some ways I must confess it was. But still I persevered.

"It puts me out to have him shilly-shallying around like this," she said. "I'll give him a good talking to when he gets back. This other arrangement has been understood between Mrs. McNutt and myself for years."

She was an irritating person. I found it not a little difficult to keep my temper with her. It's easier to fight dragons than to temporize with them and appeal to their better nature. I appealed and appealed. She watched me with the same air of interested detachment that one gives to a squirrel revolving in a cage. I could feel that she was flattered; her sense of power was agreeably tickled; my earnestness and despair enhanced the zest of her reiterated refusals. I was a very nice young man, but her son was going to marry Bertha McNutt or marry nobody!

Then I tried to draw a lurid picture of his revolt from her apron-strings.

"Oh, Harry's a good boy," she said. "You can't make me believe that two days has altered his whole character. I'll answer for his doing what I want."

I felt a precisely similar conviction, and my heart sank into my shoes.

At this moment there was a tap at the door, and another old lady bounced in. She was stout, jolly-looking and effusive. The greetings between the pair were warm, and they were evidently old friends. But underneath the newcomer's gush and noise I was dimly conscious of a sort of gay hostility. She was exultant and frightened, both at once, and her eyes were sparkling. I have seen that type of expression a thousand times on the race-track. She had won, and was bursting with it.

"Well, what do you think?" she cried out.

Mrs. Jones' lips tightened. There was a mean streak in that old woman. I could see she was feeling for her little hatchet, and was getting out her little gun.

"Bertha!" exploded the old lady. "Bertha——"

(Mysterious mental processes at once informed me that this was Bertha's mother.)

Mrs. Jones was coolly taking aim. I was reminded of that old military dictum: "Don't shoot till you see the whites of their eyes!"

"Bertha," vociferated the old lady—"Bertha has been secretly married to Mr. Stuffenhammer for the last three months!"

Another series of kinematographic mental processes informed me that Mr. Stuffenhammer was an immense catch.

"Twenty thousand dollars a year, and her own carriage," continued Mrs. McNutt gloatingly. "You could have knocked me down with a feather. Bertha is such a considerate child; she insisted on marrying secretly so that she could tone it down by degrees to poor Harry; though there was no engagement or anything, she felt she owed it to the dear boy to gradually——"

Mrs. Jones never turned a hair.

"You needn't pity Harry," she said. "I've just got the good news that he's engaged to one of the sweetest and richest girls in Morristown."

I jumped for my hat and ran.

I

YOU never saw anybody so electrified as Jones. For a good minute he couldn't even speak. It was like bringing a horseback reprieve to the hero on the stage. He repeated "Stuffenhammer, Stuffenhammer," in tones that Henry Irving might have envied, while I gently undid the noose around his neck. I led him under a tree and told him to buck up. He did so—slowly and surely—and then began to ask me agitated questions about proposing. He deferred to me as though I had spent my whole life Bluebearding through the social system. He wanted to be coached how to do it, you know. I told him to rip out the words—any old words—and then kiss her.

"Don't let there be any embarrassing pause," I said. "A girl hates pauses."

"It seems a great liberty," he returned. "It doesn't strike me as r-r-respectful."

"You try it," I said. "It's the only way."

"I'll be glad when it's over," he remarked dreamily.

"Whatever you do, keep clear of set speeches," I went on. "Blurt it out, no matter how badly—but with all the fire and ginger in you."

He gazed at me like a dead calf.

"Here goes," he said, and started on a trembling walk toward the house.

I don't know whether he was afraid, or didn't get the chance, or what it was; but at any rate the afternoon wore on without the least sign of his coming to time. I kept tab on him as well as I could—checkers with Miss Drayton—half an hour writing letters—a long talk with the Major—and finally his getting lost altogether in the shrubbery with an old lady. Freddy said the suspense was killing her, and was terribly despondent and miserable. I couldn't interest her in the Seventy-second Street house at all. She asked what was the good of working and worrying, and figuring and making lists—when in all probability it would be another girl that would live there. She had an awfully mean opinion of my constancy, and was intolerably philosophical and Oh, I wouldn't blame you the least little bit if you did go off and marry somebody else! She took a pathetic pleasure in loving me, losing me, and then weeping over the dear dead memory. She said nobody ever got what they wanted, anyway; and might she come, when she was old and ugly and faded and weary, to take care of my children and be a sort of dear old aunty in the Seventy-second Street house. I said certainly not, and we had a fight right away.

As we were dressing for dinner that night I took Jones to task, and tried to stiffen him up. I guess I must have mismanaged it somehow, for he said he'd thank me to keep my paws out of his affairs, and then went into the bathroom, where he shaved and growled for ten whole minutes. I itched to throw a bootjack at him, but compromised on doing a little growling myself. Afterward we got into our clothes in silence, and as he went out first he slammed the door.

It was a disheartening evening. We played progressive euchre for a silly prize, and we all got shuffled up wrong and had to stay so. Then the Major did amateur conjuring till we nearly died. I was thankful to sneak out-of-doors and smoke a cigar under the starlight. I walked up and down, consigning Jones to—well, where I thought he belonged. I thought of the time I had wasted over the fellow—the good money—the hopes—— I was savage with disappointment, and when I heard Freddy softly calling me from the veranda I zigzagged away through the trees toward the lodge gate. There are moments when a man is better left alone. Besides, I was in one of those self-tormenting humors when it is a positive pleasure to pile on the agony. When you're eighty-eight per cent. miserable it's h—l not to reach par. I was sore all over, and I wanted the balm—the consolation—to be found in the company of those cold old stars, who have looked down in their time on such countless generations of human asses. It gave me a wonderful sense of fellowship with the past and future.

I was reflecting on what an infinitesimal speck I was in the general scheme of things, when I heard the footfall of another human speck, stumbling through the dark and carrying a dress-suit case. It was Jones himself, outward bound, and doing five knots an hour. I was after him in a second, doing six.

"Jones," I cried.

He never even turned round.

SOFTLY CALLING ME FROM THE VERANDA

I grabbed him by the arm. He wasn't going to walk away from me like that.

"Where are you going?" I demanded.

"Home!"

"But say, stop; you can't do that. It's too darned rude. We don't break up till to-morrow."

"I'm breaking up now," he said.

"But——"

"Let go my arm——!"

"Oh, but, my dear chap——"

"Don't you dear chap me!"

We strode on in silence. Even his back looked sullen, and his face under the gaslights——

"Westoby," he broke out suddenly, "if there's one thing I'm sensitive about it is my name. Slap me in the face, turn the hose on me, rip the coat off my back—and you'd be astounded by my mildness. But when it comes to my name I—I'm a tiger!"

"A tiger," I repeated encouragingly.

"It all went swimmingly," he continued in a tone of angry confidence. "For five seconds I was the happiest man in the United States. I—I did everything you said, you know, and I was dumfounded at my own success. S-s-she loves me, Westoby."

I gazed inquiringly at the dress-suit case.

"We don't belong to any common Joneses. We're Connecticut Joneses. In fact, we're the only Joneses—and the name is as dear to me, as sacred, as I suppose that of Westoby is, perhaps, to you. And yet—and yet—— Do you know what she actually said to me? Said to me, holding my hand, and, and—— That the only thing she didn't like about me was my *name*."

I contrived to get out, "Good Heavens!" with the proper astonishment.

"I told her that Van Coort didn't strike me as being anything very extra."

"Wouldn't it have been wiser to——?"

"Oh, for myself, I'd do anything in the world for her. But a fellow has to show a little decent pride. A fellow owes something to his family, doesn't he? As a man I love the ground she walks on; as a Jones—well, if she feels like that about it—I told her she had better wait for a De Montmorenci."

"But she didn't say she wouldn't marry you, did she?"

"No-o-o!"

"She didn't ask you to *change* your name, did she?"

"No-o-o!"

"And do you mean to say that just for one unfortunate remark—a remark that any one might have made in the agitation of the moment—that you're deliberately turning your back on her, and her broken heart!"

"Oh, she's red-hot, too, you know, over what I said about the Van Coorts."

"She couldn't have realized that you belonged to the Connecticut Joneses. *I* didn't know it. *I*——"

"Well, it's all off now," he said.

It was a mile to the depot. For Jones it was a mile of reproaches, scoldings, lectures and insults. For myself I shall ever remember it as the mile of my life. I pleaded, argued, extenuated and explained. My lifelong happiness—Freddy—the Seventy-second Street house—were walking away from me in the dark while I jerked unavailingly at Jones' coattails. The whole outfit disappeared into a car, leaving me on the platform with the ashes of my hopes. Of all obstinate mulish, pig-headed, copper-riveted——

I was lucky enough to find Eleanor crying softly to herself in a corner of the veranda. The sight of her tears revived my fainting courage. I thought of Bruce and the spider, and waded in.

"Eleanor," I said, "I've just been seeing poor Jones off."

She sobbed out something to the effect that she didn't care.

"No, you can't care very much," I said, "or you wouldn't send a man like that—a splendid fellow—a member of one of the oldest and proudest families of Connecticut—to his death."

"Death?"

"Well, he's off for Japan to-morrow. They're getting through fifty doctors a week out there at the front. They're shot down faster than they can set them up."

I was unprepared for the effect of this on Eleanor. For two cents she would have fainted then and there. It's awful to hear a woman moan, and clench her teeth, and pant for breath.

"Oh, Eleanor, can't you do anything?" I cried.

"I am helpless, Ezra. My pride—my woman's pride——"

"Oh, how can you let such trifles stand between you? Think of him out there, in his tattered Japanese uniform—so far from home, so lonely, so heartbroken—standing undaunted in that rain of steel, while——"

"Oh, Ezra, stop! I can't bear it! I can't bear it!"

"Is the love of three years to be thrown aside like an old glove, just because——"

Her face was so wild and strained that the lies froze upon my tongue.

"Oh, Ezra, I could follow him barefooted through the snow if only he——"

"He's leaving Grand Central to-morrow at 10:45," I said.

She fumbled at her neck, and almost tore away the diamond locket that reposed there.

"Take him this," she whispered hoarsely. "Take it to him at once, and say I sent it. Say that I beg him to return—that my pride crumbles at the thought of his going away so far and into danger."

I put the locket carefully into my vest pocket.

"And Eleanor, try and don't rub him the wrong way about his name. Is it worth while? There have to be Joneses, you know."

"Tell him," she burst out, "tell him—Oh, I never meant to wound him—truly, I didn't . . . . a name that's good enough for him is good enough for me!"

(Continued on Page 25)

OLD-TIME HOSPITALITY

"BRINGING GREAT COMFORT AND THE PEACE OF GOD"

Some Pictures of Our Forefathers as Mighty Trenchermen

By Rebecca Harding Davis

IN THE very beginnings of this country hospitality counted for more to the few men and women who were scattered through its vast wildernesses than it possibly can do to us now. To-day, a guest means a man who comes to us for an hour or two to try the quality of our mutton and entrées and talk, and who then vanishes and is forgotten.

But I possess a yellow, ill-spelled old record of the daily life of a family of settlers in the Cumberland Mountains long before the Revolution, and I read how Traveling Mag quartered her filthy body in the barn during a whole summer, and ate and drank of the best, while the family lived in deadly fear, because "it was well known that she had sold her soul to the devil"; and of how the old gospeler, Lorenzo Dow, abode with them a month, spreading his bed with the others on the cabin floor at night, and "so bringing great comfort and the peace of God under the roof."

Here, too, is the account of his travels through the wilderness in 1756 written for the Queen of Sweden by the learned Provost Acrelius. He once took shelter in the mountains with some poor Dunkard brethren, and they washed his feet and gave him one of their flock-beds to sleep on, and shared their barley mush and milk with him for days, and when he left them the old father of the community himself shouldered his pack, saying: "You must let me carry it now, for I never can do anything for you again." Then, when they bade him good-by, they wept and kissed him and thanked him for coming to the wilderness, and begged him to meet them again in that other home to which they all were traveling by such different roads.

This kind of hospitality surely has a different savor from our most agreeable supper at Sherry's, or even our simplest and friendliest dinner at home.

We can hardly realize the appalling solitude of the life led by our Scotch-Irish ancestors in the mountains of Pennsylvania and Virginia. The mud forts, kneed about with clusters of log huts, and the lonely farms with their single cabins, were shut out of the world by interminable forests—not the "woods," the cheery fairy lands which we all knew in our childhood. There were no paths in those long-ago grim solitudes, no singing birds, no bushes of smiling elder or goldenrod. Only the savage and beasts of prey were hidden in their dark, untrodden depths. Naturally, the first thing which the adventurer into them coveted was a shelter which he could call home, and the second, a friend to welcome into it. You will see that the chance guest would fill great and important spaces in this man's life, in a way which we now can hardly understand.

As for the formal merrymakings in those first years, we have an account of them from old Joseph Doddridge, which is not calculated to flatter such of us as trace our ancestry back into these log huts. A wedding brought all the settlers in a county together. Doddridge bids us "imagine an assemblage of people without a store, a tailor or a mantua-maker within a hundred miles of them." They came on horseback, the gentlemen (they were tenacious of the name) in moccasins, leather breeches and frogged deerskin hunting-shirts; the ladies with white petticoats and bedgowns made of coarse linen which they themselves had spun and woven. Here and there would be seen a gold chain or a buckle, family heirlooms, relics of long-ago forgotten state or social position across the seas. After the marriage ceremony at noon came a huge dinner, or feed, of beef, pork, venison, corn cakes and bear-meat, washed down with unlimited whisky—then a dance which lasted till morning.

A month later the same guests assembled to make a home for the young people. Three days were usually given to the building of this log cabin. The women were busy cooking mighty meals, and again the whisky flowed in torrents.

It is true that Doddridge wrote of the times of my grandfathers, but I must acknowledge, just here, that even in my own childhood this flood of whisky and more patrician liquors still rose and drenched and poisoned all social life. The American of to-day has no idea of the zest with which his grandfather, no matter what his rank, from the cradle to the grave unceasingly tippled and drank. The Kentuckian had his secrets in mint juleps, the Jerseyman in apple-jack. Pat, wherever he went, had his jug of corn whisky. The stately old Judge or Senator was prouder of his Madeira than of his recognition by the people. When his son was born he laid down fresh casks of the famous old vintage of '60 and felt that the boy had thus at least one sure foundation in life.

THE MINISTER WAS AN INCESSANT STIMULUS TO HOSPITALITY

Everybody drank. The buffet in the dining-room was always filled with flagons of liquor and liqueurs; and the minister's wife who called, and the doctor who came to see his patient, and Tom's chums running in from school, and the wagoner who brought a load of wood, all were served with wine or cordial or whisky. You offered unlimited liquor to your friends when you were born, when you were christened, when you were married, when you were dead and they watched over your coffin. The greatest statesmen of that day drank to excess. It is within my own remembrance that a resolution was adopted by one of the most influential of the religious sects that "spirituous liquors should no longer be served at their yearly convocations as had always been the custom."

A shrewd modern physician the other day accounted for the prevalence of nerve prostration and paresis among us by saying that "the present generation are the grandchildren of a race of drunkards." But he did not tell us whether the excitement, which is the universal popular intoxicant now, is less harmful than whisky.

A generation ago the people of certain sections of this country were noted for their hospitality as others for their lack of it. The contrast was real, but it was due to circumstances more than to any actual radical difference in the character of the people.

The Southern planters and the farmers of the Middle States were, as a rule, well-to-do. Food and service were abundant and cheap with them. Their lives were isolated and lonely. The guest within their gates cost them little and was a distinct gain and pleasure to them. The necessity of welcoming strangers came to them, as we have seen, with their first invasion of the wilderness.

The colonies in New England, on the other hand, were, from the beginning, more compact. The immigrants lived together; they did not need a guest to give them the stimulus of human companionship. Their land was poor; economy was a hard, stringent necessity to them. Hence, although we read of occasional stately entertainments given by their Colonial governors and men of equal rank and wealth, there was a lack throughout the Eastern Colonies of the hearty hospitality universal in the West and South. Weddings, funerals and Thanksgiving brought them together at long intervals, but there was none of that incessant merrymaking—the tea-drinkings or singing parties which made glad the daily lives of the Pennsylvanian and Virginian.

Even at the present time there is probably less exchange of hospitality among people of ordinary means in New England than in any other part of the country. In the secluded villages the habit of entertaining is almost unknown. A thrifty matron of Salem once told me that she "had heard Pennsylvania women had a queer habit of swapping victuals, but for her part she could see no sense in it." Yet the same women in the course of a year would give the price of many tea-parties to keep up the village hospital, or to carry her religious faith to the Hindu, or the Southern negro! It is in her thoughts and faith that she is hospitable, not in her cakes and cream.

A queer old story comes back to me in this connection. You will find it in a little old book written by Ezra Stiles.

It is the account of three of the regicides—the judges who sent Charles to the scaffold—who were forced to hide for the rest of their lives to escape the hangman's rope. These men were sheltered in New England for twenty years. John Russell, a poor minister in the hamlet of Hadley, near New Haven, with his wife's help, kept one of them, Edward Whalley, for more than fifteen years in a secret room of their little house, situate on the village street, burying him in the cellar when he died. His presence, we are told, never was suspected by the villagers, and the Russell children grew up in ignorance of it. Certainly they were not modern children, and among the people of Hadley was no reporter of to-day! Nevertheless, Russell, during every hour of these years, risked imprisonment and ruin for his guest. Such hospitality is not like our own, perhaps. But it "weighs weight."

We are apt to look back at the entertainments of our Colonial ancestors in the glamour thrown over them by modern novelists. Their glowing pictures of minuets, danced in satin knee-breeches, velvet waistcoats and lace, give an atmosphere of stateliness to those old-time gatherings which probably were intolerably dull and commonplace.

One account of the "court of Lady Washington," sent home by a French visitor, gives us an inkling of the real condition of affairs. The Frenchman was entertained at dinner by the President. The meal, he tells us, consisted mainly of a huge saddle of mutton, potatoes, and unlimited Madeira. After the dinner was over the guests were arranged in a semicircle in the drawing-room, in the centre of which sat General Washington and his wife. No one spoke unless addressed by them. At nine o'clock she rose. "Come, George, it is bedtime," she said, and courtesying to the company, took his arm and led him out.

Another glimpse which we have of Washington is pleasanter. It is given to us by a Maryland lady who saw him when she was a child, and he was the guest of honor at a banquet given by her father. The dining-room was crowded with the grown people, and she was seated with her plate on a little stool in a corner, where she was expected to see and not be seen. But Washington observed the child, and when it was his duty to offer a toast he rose and said: "May I have the honor of drinking Miss Mary's health?" He crossed the room to touch her glass with his. "Miss Mary" told the story until she was eighty, and counted that moment the happiest of her long life.

We have another view of the entertainments so vaunted by latter-day novelists in Lady Sarah Lenox's letters to her cousin, in which she bewails her enforced sojourn among the "vulgar New Yorkers," and ridicules their pretentious balls and suppers. Our forefathers probably knew nothing of the art which resulted in the *petits dîners* of the French or the elaborate heavy banquets of the English. A great French chef who visited this country at that time wrote on his return to Paris a book on his art. One chapter was entitled "Cooking in America." The page below was left blank. Let us hope that the sauces of the great artist were as delicate as his sarcasm.

The cookery in this country at that time may not have been a fine art, but it certainly filled an enormous space in the lives of American women. Then the chief business in life of the mistress of a Southern plantation, or one of the great homesteads in Pennsylvania or New York, was the preparation of food for her family and guests—the baking, brewing and cooking, the laying down of meats, pickles, jellies, wines, etc. I have the household books of "processes" of my grandmother, and I must say that the average mamma of the modern art bears to hers the same relation that a little dancing monkey does to the progress of a huge pachyderm before the flood.

What enormous feeders our forefathers must have been! "For a Sunday pudding, take a peck each of suet, raisins, etc., and half a gallon each of sherry and Jamaica rum." Another dainty trifle calls for "ten pounds of blanched almonds, three dozen eggs," etc. The brain of the modern housekeeper reels before the bills of fare given for each day in which a small family are served with "soups, forced crawfish, a haunch of venison, a fricasey of pigeons, a pig roast with Madeira sauce, larded leverets, fritters syringed with champagne," etc., etc. Or how would she set about making

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ROSE OF THE WORLD

By Agnes and Egerton Castle

Authors of The Secret Orchard, The Bath Comedy, The Star Dreamer, Incomparable Bellairs, etc.

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CHAPTER XXII

THE old tin box again and the breath of terrible India in this quiet English room. Siege, struggle, treachery, bloodshed, hunger, thirst and fever, the extremes of heat and cold, the death agony of the young comrade—this was the story it held. The story of the difficult grave dug in the rock; of the inexorable exigency of the moment, the narrow strait for England's honor which could allow no lingering thought for him that was become useless; of the drawing together of the ranks to hide the gap and keep up the long fight. The story of every conceivable distress of the flesh, every sordid misery of the body, every anxiety of mind; of hopeless outlook, lingering torture. But, above all, the record of the indomitable purpose; of the white and red crossed flag floating high—of the spirit unconquerable, even to death.

Rosamond sat down on the slanting floor, lifted and took into her lap—as a mother may lift her dead child from the cradle—the old leather case that contained in such small compass so great a story: Captain English's papers of the siege. The parcel had been delivered to her even as he had prepared it for her. To the elastic band that clasped it a scrap of paper was still pinned: "For my wife."

And she had never opened it!

All these years his voice had been waiting to speak to her; his own words for her had been there, the last cry of his soul to hers; nay—how did she know?—the message that should have shaped her future. Something of himself that could not die he had left her, something of himself to go with her through the desolation! But she, the wife so tenderly loved and thought of to the last—she had, as it were, denied herself to his deathbed. She had closed her ears to his dying speech. She had thrust his dear ghost from her. How was it possible for any woman to be so cruel, so cowardly? How was it possible . . . . yet it had been!

"It is we who make our dead dead," had said the mourning mother. Rosamond, the wife, had done worse: she had buried what was not yet dead. She had heaped earth upon the lips that still spoke, that she might not feel the sorrow of their last utterance!

When trouble comes it is woman's way, as a rule, to yield herself up to it, to gloat upon her grief, to feed upon tears. She has a fine scorn for man's mode of mourning, so different from hers; for the seeker of distraction, of forgetfulness; for his deliberate shunning of those emotions in which she sinks herself. And yet it may be that this divergence comes less from man's more selfish nature than from the fact that he is a creature of passion, where she is a creature of sentiment; that he knows within himself forces which are to her undreamed of; that her sorrow is as the chill rain that wraps the land and clears in lassitude at last over tender tints, while his sorrow is as the dry convulsion that defaces the earth and rends the foundations of life's whole edifice.

But there are women apart; women who unite with their own innate spirituality the virile capacity of feeling; who can

THE OLD TIN BOX AGAIN AND THE BREATH OF TERRIBLE INDIA

love fiercely and suffer as fiercely. Of such was Rosamond. And she had been called to suffering before her undeveloped girl-nature had had time to lay hold on love. Love and sorrow, they had fallen upon her together, in her ignorant youth, like monstrous angels of destruction. What wonder, then, that she should have cried out against them and hidden her face! What wonder that she should have shrunk with a sickly terror from her own unplumbed, deep capacity for pain!

But no one may deny himself to himself. And the passionate soul makes for passion, be it a Paul or an Augustine! The Nemesis of her nature had come upon Rosamond; and she was to be fulfilled to herself, after so many years, at this moment of her woman's maturity, with a handful of relics and the dust and the smell of the distant Indian fort upon them.

Out of the far, far past her love and her sorrow were claiming her—at last.

. . . . . .

The logs from the Dorset beechwoods flamed in the queer corner chimneypiece of Harry's attic room. The light flickered on the scattered papers in Rosamond's lap and threw illusive, ruddy gleams on the pale hands, on the pale cheek that turned to the glow, yet felt it not.

When she had sat down to read it was some time still before noon. The December sun crept out between two rainstorms, threw a yellow circle on the boards, marked the shadow of the ivy spray, then paled and passed. The merry logs grew red, grew gray; they fell together with sighs into white ash; and the last creeping flicker of life in the grate sparkled and went out. Below, the placid life of the Old Ancient House jogged its round. Baby's businesslike morning music was ground out and caught into the silence. The tinkling bell that from time immemorial had sounded the homely mealtime gatherings rang its thin summons up the wooden stairs from the hall. Some one came to the attic door and rattled it against the drawn bolt; knocked and called. And later the stillness of the attic room was troubled again, and Aspasia cried out between petulance and anxiety. So insistent was she that within the room some one answered back at last in a strange, hoarse voice of anger. And the steps pattered away, and silence reigned once more.

The rain dried on the window-pane, shadows stole forth from the room corners. The air grew cold and colder; a gray dimness settled upon everywhere; the chilling bars of the grate clicked. But still the woman sat by the empty hearth . . . reading, reading, reading.

CHAPTER XXIII

AS ROSAMOND read, that page of her womanhood which she had hitherto so deliberately kept blank was printed as with a tale of fire. Between those short winter hours, between the leaping of the wood flames and the fall of the cold, chill twilight, all that she had cheated her heart of—the tears, the passion, the grief—came upon her like a storm.

. . . . . .

"It's no use mincing matters," wrote Harry English; "we are besieged, and the worst of it is, our work's not done. For Cartwright and his good fellows have either fallen into the wily old chief's hands, or are as hotly pressed as we are ourselves. We have been able to get no tidings from him so far. It's rather a joke, isn't it—though a grim one? We started so cocksure of setting him free; and here we are in a trap ourselves. Well, I'm going to try and get this letter through to you, as the Major—we call him the Colonel now—is trying to run another dispatch. It will probably be the last for some time, so don't be alarmed, love, if you are long without news. The old fort is sturdy and well placed, and we sha'n't have even the glory of danger. God keep you."

The letter—in its incredibly soiled and creased cover—was docketed with soldierly neatness: "Brought back by messenger—unable to pass."

The rest of the papers in the case were all loose sheets. The earlier of these were carefully dated. But presently this methodic precision was dropped. Most of them seemed to be merely disconnected jottings, at times scarcely more than a phrase or two—as it were the fixing of a passing thought—

others again, a sort of outpouring that covered whole pages: thus, nearly to the end. But the last two sheets were once more inscribed with something of the formality of a document.

"I shall write you a sort of journal, and, please God," had begun Harry English, "we shall read it together some day. Our poor dusky Mercury came back to us quicker than he left, with a bullet in him. I am troubled at the thought of your suspense, but, from the last letter I got through, you will gather that this state of affairs was not unexpected: the old chief has been too much for us for the moment. But they are warned at headquarters and we may expect relief in our turn any day. We must not be impatient, though, as they'll have a stiff job getting across the snows. Meanwhile we are all for glory here, and are determined to out-guile or out-fight the Khan before anything so common and every-day as a relief takes place. We're a first-class set of fellows, doctor and all complete; the Major's a brick. Our own boys are rocks (as usual), and Leicester has forty Goorkhas that I'd back — well, against anything! Of course there are these Afridis we can't trust; but they know who's master here. And we've got the old flag, Rosamond — floating grandly like a living thing. We keep up the good old ceremony when running it up at dawn. And you should see the grins flash out on those black faces when Vane gives his last vicious little twist to the cord in the cleat to make fast for the day! By the way, this business is doing Vane a lot of good. He was a soft, pink pulpot a boy, but the little fellow's got pluck, and it's coming out now.

"Talking of the flag — last night I was up on the roof, counting the enemy's fires; everything was very still, and I heard the loose line beating fretfully against the staff in the wind: it brought me back — back! Do you remember Fort Monckton, at Stoke's Bay, Rosamond, and the smell of the gorse that day of days to me? The night after, when I could not sleep, I walked the bastion at Monckton and heard the cords of the flagstaff flap. I was to meet you again in the morning — Oh, Rosamond!

. . . . . .

"Great news! Cartwright has fought his way to us with his little band. As fine a bit of mountain fighting as has ever been done. We made a sortie to his aid and only lost four men and a sergeant. Bethune has a piece out of his shoulder, but no bones broken, and Whiteley thinks he'll be up again in a day or two. It's like having my right hand in a sling to have the old chap laid up.

"We've got him tight in bed now; and all the fun he is allowed is to watch the bullets that come in through the window and break on the opposite wall. He's in the safe angle, but it's rather a job for us dodging in and out to get at him.

. . . . . .

"The poor Major's gone. We feel orphaned. His stout old body seemed to keep the soul of us all together. It was a bullet through the eye. He never even knew it. I was beside him, Rosamond — the laugh was still on his lips. He fell slowly, like a tower. Dear old fat, jolly fellow! I won't grudge him his quick passage. Vane has done nothing but blubber. We buried him in the inner courtyard: they sniped from the crags like blazes, but we did it and no casualties. To-morrow ends the first week of the siege proper. We have ten men sick, four wounded, and have lost our Major, and all the responsibility devolves upon me now.

. . . . . .

"Rosamond, you never loved me. I have blinded myself to it. But here, alone in this fort, with death in every breath I draw, many things have become clear to me. This is the truth: you never loved me, but you are still a child. I could have had such patience — but now I may have no time left for patience.

. . . . . .

"Rosamond, my rose, I took you before your hour — but I was as one who rides past and sees his flower bloom, and knows that he must pluck it in all haste, to wear on his heart, or leave it for another. I never kissed you but that you turned your cheek. Oh, I could have taken your lips had I wanted to, and I knew it. Now it breaks upon me like a wave, that if God only gave me ten minutes more with you I could teach you how to love. But no, what is not given is not good to take: I would not rob you of your own gracious gift. Oh, my darling, you wept when I left you, the tears rained down your cheeks into my lips. I kissed your sweet eyes and drank the salt of them, and in that hour of grief you left me your lips at last — but they were open lips, like a child's; what could they give me — who wanted your woman's soul?"

The words seemed to spring out of the page; to strike her as she read. She had not loved him. She herself had not known it, but it was true and he had known it. All the blood in her body seemed to rush back to her heart; she felt her cheeks grow cold and stiff in a sudden horror of the discovery. Then, with the reaction, the full tide seemed to turn upon itself and rush tingling through her frame. With a burning face she bent over the lines and read them avidly again — and again. How he had loved her! Ah, she felt what love meant now! She understood! She was no longer the rigid, self-centred schoolgirl, looking forth on the narrow boundaries of her own ethics and deeming them the limits of life.

"HE GRINNED AT ME AGAIN, AND THEN DIED WITHOUT A SIGH"

She was a woman, a woman with a heart for him, for the man who had selected her; a woman with a passion leaping to his own. And he . . . he was dead! No, no, he was not dead; he must not be dead! If she only knew how to reach him. . . . "It is we who make our dead dead." He must be somewhere. By that very craving of her whole being for him he must exist to answer it. And wheresoever he was the cry of her soul must surely reach him and call him back to her.

Outside, in the winter sunshine, a robin began to pipe. The exultant beating of her heart slowed down; the eddy that had seized her fell away from her. Her spirit, that had seemed about to be caught up into some realm of ecstasy, where pain was inextricably blent with joy, sank back into the material bondage. She heaved a great sigh and languidly took up the next sheet.

After his love cry, Harry English, too, had relapsed into the every-day cares; this entry was dated March 23:

"My first act as C. O. here has been to reduce the rations one-third. The dear old Major could not bring himself to do it. 'We'll have as good a time, boys, as can be expected in the circumstances, and then, by George, if they don't come to get us loose we'll make a rush for it. A man can die but once, but we won't die by inches if I know it.' It was a jolly soldier's doctrine in its way, and had a dash of fatalism in it that suited our lads here down to the ground. But now that I have the management of the business I cannot see my duty in that light. This fort is but a little peg in England's machinery — but lose a peg and who can tell what may happen to the machine! So your husband holds the fort, Rosamond, and will hold it to the last minute of the last hour, to the last pinch of pea-flour and the last bag of gunpowder to blow the last of us up! And to-day we begin to draw in our belts.

. . . . . .

"Vane's got a touch of fever. He's never really looked up since the Major went. Poor little chap, he'll see plenty more. It has rained three nights and the men are drenched. Our sick list is increasing. Old Bethune's getting quite fit again, however, and that's a comfort to me. Queer chap; he lies on his back and reads an odd volume of Browning and hasn't a word to throw to a dog; and, with all his poetry, if I know him, not an aspiration or a thought except his men and his work.

. . . . . .

"April 1 — The beginning of a new military year is not likely to add much to our store of anything except appetite. Old Yufzul, the Khan, has been parleying with us, day after day, for the last week. He rigs up his blessed white rag, and up goes ours, and then comes the messenger — generally an aged woman, with one of the old devil's interminable letters. These never vary. He's ready to make the most favorable terms with us. First condition: surrender of the fort. . . . I send him back the same document with a polite note affixed — we keep all the decorum of civilized warfare! My conditions are simple: first, he is to lay down his arms unconditionally; then he is to send us in so many scores of sheep, so many measures of corn, and then I will see what I can do about making his peace with the Government of India. I end up with a delicate warning as to the flight of time. Down comes his rag, down comes ours, and the bullets begin to patter again!

"The doctor has a bad opinion of Vane. He says he has no stamina. I never saw any one waste so quickly. Poor little chap, and I used to think him too pink and too plump! Leicester, the fellow, you know, we found in the fort here with his forty Goorkhas, goes and nurses him like a woman, in the intervals of business. I went to see him to-day — Vane, I mean. He seems very low but quite conscious. I thought I worried him, so did not stop long. Leicester tells me he's deadly ashamed of himself for being ill, and thinks I must despise him.

"Bethune's up.

. . . . . .

"April 3. — My sleep has gone. That's a weak thing for a soldier to have to confess. But I'm tough. I've got into the way of writing like this in the quiet hours. Not that night is always our quiet time; far from it. A black night is our worst enemy. We never know when the creatures will try and rush the fort. Last night we had a lively two hours of it, but I think they've had a lesson, and Rajab, my havildar, has suggested a plan for lighting the walls with pitch on little platforms hung out of the loopholes. If it works we sha'n't be taken by surprise again.

. . . . . .

"We buried poor little Vane this morning. Whiteley came to me at eight o'clock last night and said he did not think he'd last out another twelve hours. I went to see him about eleven o'clock, but was no sooner in the room when they called the alarm from the tower — and we had a hot time of it. Our men were splendid, and I am thankful to say our casualties are comparatively few. Leicester made a sally with his Goorkhas, splendidly in the nick, and that settled the day, or rather the night, for us. There's been a good deal of wailing across the water this morning, at which you should see those little devils smile. In fact, the whole garrison would be in high spirits if it were not for Vane. Last night every one, even the orderly in charge, ran away from him in the scrimmage. I thought of this, I knew it would be so, but, of course, we can't waste time on the dying at such a time. The moment the pressure was over I clambered up to his room. The dawn was just breaking; there he was, lying on the boards under the window. Poor little beggar! flat on his back, in his pajamas, his carbine by his side. He'd been potting at them out of his window. He was not gone, though. He opened his eyes and grinned at me.

"'I'm done for, sir,' he said. 'But it's not the fever. I'm hit, thank God!'

"I lifted him up. Poor little chappy, he had a scratch along his ribs, but it would not have killed a mouse! 'You tell them,' he said, 'it was the wound, not the fever.'

"'I'll have you down, "Killed in action,"' said I, loud into his ear. And he heard, though he was slipping away very fast. He grinned at me again, and then died without a sigh, his head on my breast, like a child.

"This is the fifth week of siege.

. . . . . .

"I am haunted by your presence. We all dream a great deal when we sleep, these times. That's part of the game when one is half-starved. The fellows amuse themselves by telling their dreams at breakfast. It's almost like: 'What's the news?' when one meets at the club.

"Bethune makes every one laugh: he's so deadly matter of fact. 'I dreamed I was sitting down to a porter-house steak!' You should hear the boys yell! Leicester, now, yarns away at a magnificent rate. Of course it's half invention; he's a real Irishman; but he keeps us alive. It's as good as a mutton chop to us to see him come dancing into mess — such a mess! — twanging his banjo and singing some absurd lilt of his own making.

"'You see, boys,' he says, with a piece of horse on his fork, 'to a fellow brought up on "potatoes and point" this is positively gorgeous!'

"But I don't tell my dreams, Rosamond. They are yours and mine.

. . . . . .

"Once you looked at me with fear in your eyes. It was on board ship. I think if I had ever seen that shadow in your beautiful eyes again I should have had it in me to throw myself into the sea. Oh! what could you fear in me, Rosamond?

. . . . . .

"It has been snowing again on the heights. I pity those who try to conquer the snow. You take it to your arms and try to warm it, and it goes from you in tears. Rosamond, you have been like the snow to me. How could I have ever aspired to you? — white child!

"I think I am wandering — you are the rose-flower to me. My white rose — no! my red, red rose — Rose of the World!

. . . . . .

"If they are coming over the snows to relieve us it will go hard with them. Were it only not to disappoint the brave fellows I'll hold on; but we are pulling the belt pretty tight. The worst of it is, I feel so terribly alive; I'll take as much killing as a wild cat. I have so much to live for: I have to come back to you! I can make such a fight for it yet, Rosamond, if I have to die I'll die hard. Now Bethune will be like an old dog fox; he'll sit on his tail and show his teeth and let them have their will at the end without a sound — but I'll fight!

. . . . . .

"I dream, I dream. Rosamond, you came to me last night. First I saw the gray, gnarled boughs of the old orchard trees at home grow, as it were, out of the darkness, naked as in the wintertime. They broke into lovely leaf and blossom even as I looked . . . and then, loveliest flower of all, flowered

your face among the rosy wreaths! You had a lace thing over your head, tied under the chin, and you were smiling, and your cheeks were young and soft, your face was young and beautiful, but as I came close to you I saw that your hair — your golden hair — was white. I looked into your eyes, deep, deep, and they were wells of love. There was no fear of me in them, Rosamond, only love. And then we drew nearer and nearer to each other. And your lips met mine. Your lips — Rose of the World!

"It was a dream of inexpressible sweetness to me and inexpressible comfort. When I woke up I had a perfume as of red roses in my mouth. I have riddled it all out for myself. I take it to mean that we shall, in spite of everything, meet again, and that I shall love you till you are old and your hair is white, and that to me, because of our love, you will always be lovely in youth.

. . . . . .

"The want of you comes over me like fire, and I feel the marrow fail me in my bones.

. . . . . .

"Perhaps it is because you are the only woman I ever knew that I love you so madly. Was it the influence of my dear old mother's high and simple theory of life, or was it by reason of my own energetic ambition of work and utility in this world, or is it merely some innate fastidiousness? . . . . However it may be, I have never played with love. I never kissed a woman in love before I kissed you. Ah, no, love, it was not for any of those reasons — it was because I was keeping myself for you! And now this single passion of my life is devouring me. I dreamed you lay on my heart last night."

Rosamond raised her eyes, to look unseeingly at the plaster walls before her. The ignorant thing that had been Rosamond English, that once had had such treasure given her, and knew it not; she had but placed her hand in his as a lost child places her hand in that of the first kind stranger who will lead her out of the desolate wood. Hers had been a privilege so rare that, to the eyes of the world, it seems to be a thing impossible — a man's virgin love. Too often had Lady Gerardine seen a meaning smile, under a white mustache, on lips that recalled complacently "the little indiscretions of my youth"; too much had she seen herself, unwillingly, of the lives of the young men about her in the Residency not to realize this now. But then — Harry had been right — she had feared him, feared this strong and chaste passion, feared these virgin ardors; feared the man who had brought her his whole heart, whose eyes had never even looked on sin.

. . . . . .

There was a great silence about her. The fire was dead; the day was closing in; the robin had flown away. Extinct hearth, bleak, falling twilight, empty room, silence itself seemed to cry to her with one great voice: "Too late . . . too late!"

And the gloom and the desolation of the deserted old house, on the waste English downs, were fit accompaniments to the slow agony in that fort, clinging on the bare flank of Himalayan crags, far away, under the eternal snows; agony over now and world forgotten, but reenacted for her alone, who had refused herself at the right hour to her share in it.

CHAPTER XXII

DESPONDENCY was beginning to creep over even Harry English's dauntless spirit: in the next sheet Rosamond took up — she had to peer closer now in the gathering dusk — for the first time he expressed doubt of their reunion.

"You will go back to England," he wrote. "You will go to the old mother. My poor girl, I feel as if I had broken your life. But you are young and she is very strong. She will take you to that deep heart of hers, where I have been so well all my life; and you will both always remember that it is for England. And if you forget me, oh Rosamond, my Rosamond, you are young, you will forget! — no, I will write no more in this strain. . . . I won't bind you; but there are things that a man in his living flesh cannot regard without rebellion, whatever his sense of justice may tell him. The dead will be quiet. Sometimes I think I am mad. . . . .

"You will like to know how this old place looks that you have, all unconsciously, filled with your presence these days, these nights. . . . .

"The valley is set in a sort of scoop between the mountains, and all round there are the peaks, snow-covered. The river runs brawling from east to west, where the plateau is narrowed between the two huge buttresses of rock which almost close the valley; the water falls there a pretty good height, and on quiet nights one can hear the churn of the rapids. The fort is built on the right bank, and on that side we are safe from attack, as the ledges are very precipitous. It is thus, too, we get our water, our salvation. But this is becoming increasingly difficult, in spite of our trenches, as the fellows over there are getting to know the range pretty closely.

"The valley is beginning to grow beautifully green, but the rocks above and all about are gray and drab and arid all the year round, and the snows never pass. It is over the snows our help must come. In our courtyard we have an almond tree in blossom. I think of you, of your face under the bridal veil.

. . . . . .

"The flag, Rosamond, the old flag! What creatures we are with our symbols! So long as the spirit is inclosed in the flesh, so long must we grope in our efforts of expression. You can't conceive what this rag means to us, riddled with bullets, bleached, draggled! . . . . We are all in high spirits to-day. I doubt if even a score of fat sheep could have so cheered the garrison as our half-hour tussle on the roof, and the triumphant fact that the flag was not lowered, even for an instant. They gave us a hot time between seven and eight this morning; two or three of our best were bowled over, and I saw that our fellows had lost heart a bit — there's just a bad moment, Rosamond, between the glory of the fight and the last desperation; and that's a dangerous moment! Well, as if the fates were against us, the flagstaff was struck, repeatedly, and all at once, in the thick of it, we heard it crack and saw it bend. There was not a man but turned his head. Rosamond, that flag's their fetish! It's astonishing how quickly one can take in a thing at an instant like that. I seemed to see all at once the change that swept over the dark faces. You know how the whole aspect of a field of corn can be changed in a moment by a puff of wind. I made one spring for the breaking pole and caught it just in time. And then I held it high, as high as I could, crying out to them in such a flood of Hindustani as never fell from my lips before. God knows what I said, or didn't say! But they can do with a lot of talk, these boys of ours. I must have looked like a madman; I know I felt like one. One gets sort of light-headed in the fight now and again. I felt as if I were growing taller, as if the old flag were lifting me up higher and higher. The bullets played about us like spray, and not one hit me. As for the boys — well, my madness got into them somehow — they fell to like devils; they shot like angels; it was as if

"I THINK I AM WANDERING—YOU ARE THE ROSE FLOWER TO ME, MY WHITE ROSE—NO! MY RED, RED ROSE—ROSE OF THE WORLD!"

magic wine had been poured into them. I don't suppose even the oldest soldier among us had seen anything like it before. We made a record score, I can tell you!

"Now it's over I look back and think that we were all possessed. But it's had a useful effect on the Khan and his tribes, for they had the worst of that hour, and the flag was not lowered, not an inch. I never let it out of my hands till a new pole had been spliced on — a stout one, you may be sure. And this is a happy garrison to-day. You should hear the Goorkhas jabbering and laughing over their half ration of rice. We have served out extra rum. They've drunk the great white Empress' health, and are quite sure now that anything belonging to her must be safe.

"As for me, the poor, superstitious creatures have begun to regard me as a small god; they think I bear a charmed life. Rosamond, if that flag had fallen there is no knowing if we could have held the men. And if we'd lost the fort I should never have seen you again, for we four Englishmen could not let it go before our lives. The fellows are all kicking up an idiotic fuss about my share in the business — it makes a man feel such a fool to be made a hero of for nothing. Rosamond, did I even do my duty? Then, even then, upholding my country's flag, the fury of my thoughts was all with you: If the flag falls I shall never see her again — that was what I was saying to myself. God knows I am no hero."

No hero!

Rosamond's heart was beating high, her eye had kindled, her cheek was glowing. Was he not a hero? Her Harry! She could see him towering in his strength — the "archangel" of Bethune's description; the born leader, stimulating his starving men to unheard-of valor!

. . . . . .

But the end was drawing near. She must read on. The darkness had gathered so close that she had to light a candle and put it beside her on the floor. This she did mechanically, hardly aware of her own action — so bent upon her single thought. The handwriting had become irregular; it sprawled upon the page.

"The hunger is nothing; it's the thirst! People who slowly starve can bear hunger, but thirst is an active devil. They've found an enfilading spot commanding our trench to the water. We lost three men in succession two days ago. Dug all day yesterday to strike a well; no success. To-day it's gone hard with us. Last night I think I'd a touch of fever; you were so mixed up in my mind with my thirst that it seemed to me it was the want of you made me suffer so much. I found myself, found my dry tongue, calling for you, clamoring out loud in the silence. Ah, there are miles and miles of mountains between us!

"This is worse than death.

. . . . . .

"They've heliographed from the hills; the relief is in sight. They've had an awful time in the snows, and half the fellows are blind. They will have to recoup a bit before they can strike. But they have guns, and that ought to settle it. Meanwhile we can't wait — we're going to run up a fresh trench to the water, if we lose twenty men by it.

. . . . . .

"The job is done. Leicester managed it splendidly with less loss than we expected. But he's got a nasty wound in the hip. We've got water again — Rosamond, Rosamond, when will you hold the cup for me to drink?

"The first gun went to-day. They haven't got to the right spot yet, but such as it was the shooting flustered the ant-hill down there finely. For two days Yuzzul has left us in peace, and meanwhile the guns on the hill get closer and pound away. But the enemy shows no sign of packing yet. The Khan is a tough old boy; we'll have a tussle for it yet. They've flashed to say they are ready up there. We shall cooperate."

This last sheet but one was dated April 15, 8 A. M.
The next entry was marked 3 P. M. of the same day.

"In measure as the relief approaches, I know not why, my hopes go down. Rosamond — oh, if I should never see you again! What will you do with your life? You will have my mother, though that may not be for long, and there is enough to keep you both from want, thank God, under the roof of the Old Ancient House. Go to her there; at least for the first. And then and then — I won't bind you.

"If we had had a child you would be more mine!

"I wish we had another night, even in this trap of death. I might perhaps dream of you once more. The dead won't dream. Perhaps that is best. What if we should never meet again!"

Rosamond's breath came short; shudders ran through her. She laid down in its turn this record of the fever of a man's mind and took up the last sheet. The last sheet! This was, indeed, the end! It was dated, carefully written, without any of the wildness or disjointedness of the previous entries. The strong man, on the verge of action, would do all things as became a soldier, even to his final letter to his beloved.

"Rosamond, my wife, I have decided to lead the counter-attack myself to-night. Leicester is incapacitated. Bethune's head is stronger than mine now, and should the suspense be longer delayed and the relief fail, he will make a better job of it than I should here. Yuzzul shows no sign of budging, and we begin to suspect he is reckoning on fresh reenforcements. Do not think that I should throw away that life which belongs to you without just reason. When you get this letter (perhaps after all I shall come back to-night to tear it up) you will know that I went out with the full acceptance of the inevitable.

"God keep you, Rosamond! My mother taught me to believe. I could not have remembered her all these years of manhood and forgotten my God. And to-night I am strong. What is to be will be right. I kneel before you and I kiss your sweet hands, an' I bless you. YOUR HARRY."

The woman read and dropped the letter on her lap. Was that all? The end, the end! It was impossible. He could not have left her like that. There must be more from him. One word, one last word. And she did not even know how he died. There was no God, or life could not be so cruel!

She was tearing, with maddened fingers, in the depths of the box. . . . . Why will women hoard the orange blossom of their bridal hopes that it may torture them with its hideous, relentless sweetness when Fate has fulfilled its mockery upon them!

Harry's pocketbook — the familiar old pocketbook! It fell apart in her hands. A portrait. . . . . Her own face looked out on her with serious girl's eyes. She flung it from her; she had nothing in common with that creature. Then

(Continued on Page 21)

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As Man to Man

WHETHER Sunday observance is decreasing or increasing, certain it is that never before was there so much of Sunday leavening in the other six days of the seven.

The strong still oppress the weak; but how sharp is the contrast between the oppression of a century ago and that of to-day! Nowadays the oppressor is apologetic, is self-excusatory, and hastens to repent as a philanthropist his crimes as a plutocrat. In the relations of employer and employee, we find the old, stepfatherly paternalism which made the employer a father to his workmen — much as King Louis XIV was a father to the French people — now replaced by a man-to-man, eyes-on-the-level recognition of the fact that service is mutual and that the social obligation is not of superior to inferior but of brother to brother. Wrongs that once strutted as rights are losing their brazen front of impudence; they still roam the land, but they skulk.

If it be true that men do not go voluntarily to be preached at as they once did, it is also true that they preach at themselves a great deal more.

When the Sleeper Wakes

IN THE calendar, it is twelve days ago in Russia when it is to-day here. In government, the difference would not be bridged by ten centuries. But other countries have traversed in a shorter time the same road that Russia is traveling now.

The King of France was, in 1789, a despot as absolute as the Czar is to-day. The Bastille was a French Siberia. Three years later France was a republic. The citizens of free Russia may yet look back upon the last week of November, 1904, as Frenchmen look upon that June week at Versailles when Mirabeau roared to the royal emissary who tried to disperse the States-General of France: "Tell those who sent you that we are here by the will of the people, and that nothing but the force of bayonets shall send us hence!"

In that spirit the representatives of the zemstvos of Russia have addressed the Czar. Deprived of the right of public meeting they have met in a private house, as the French States-General, when barred out of its hall, marched to the tennis-court. Will the parallel end there, or will the Russian revolution, peaceful until now, have its siege of the Bastille, its flight to Varennes, and its guillotined monarch?

It all depends upon two things — the good sense of the Russian autocracy and the amount of physical force at its disposal. This is a precious moment in which a clear-headed ruler could safely steer the empire from despotism to constitutional government. The Czar has a more or less esteemed contemporary, the Emperor of Japan, who could give him personal instruction in the art of doing such things. And when Nicholas compares his own position with that of the Mikado, the enjoyment that each is able to get out of life, the position that each occupies in the affections of his subjects, and the present standing of the two empires before each other and the world, he may think that a popular government is not such a bad thing for a sovereign to have, after all.

Coward Monopolists

WHAT is the most striking phase of the conduct of those men who have by chicane got control of the price-lists of so many of our necessaries of life? Is it not the pitiful cowardice of it all?

It is no more a combat of strength against strength, of skill against skill, than is the act of a highwayman in assaulting and robbing a cripple. The people are helpless and, in respect of these intricate matters of great commerce, are ignorant. To rob them requires no great amount of brains, no daring whatever — no more brains or daring than a poisoner shows in mailing a poison to his intended victim with the address written in a disguised hand. Not one of these monopolists but lies about his real business and backs up his lying with bribery. Across the forehead of each one of them is branded in plain letters the word "Coward!"

The Test of Independence

EACH successive election in this country shows an increase in independent voting, an increasing disposition on the part of the voters to follow their own personal inclinations rather than the bugles of political leaders. This is an excellent thing — If!

In the Athenian democracy the first strong sign of decay was — what? The "independent" voting. The electorate broke away from the restraints of tradition and of the sober and often unattractive counsels of the honest men who saw that to-morrow's good is often gained by to-day's disagreeable sacrifice. It followed the counsels of flatterers, of those who urged the immediate gratification of appetites. It ostracized Aristides the Just; it exalted Alcibiades the Profligate.

There are, in our own time and country, thousands of independents who represent the advance guard of civilization. But let us not forget that there are thousands of others who represent the very worst forces that menace the democracy.

The growth of independent voting is the most gratifying sign of the times. It is also the signal that the time is at hand when there will be a momentous test of the soundness and thoroughness of our education, a test of our national capacity to see what is really wise and just and right.

The Tragic Searchlight

SOME days ago the Far Eastern cables delivered the important and interesting message that General Nogi and his doughty Japanese climbers had scaled and captured 203-Metre Hill — one of the keys to Port Arthur. That this news was both important and interesting suggests a feature of the Russo-Japanese campaign which most of us have thought of but have not taken the time and trouble to consider in its relative meaning; and this is the recurrent focusing of international attention upon a spot or locality that yesterday, or a year ago, had absolutely no place upon the map or in the general mind.

It is as though terra firma were being constantly swept by a moving searchlight which, so long as it continues moving, passes unnoticed, but which, remaining stationary an hour, or a day, or a month, so illumines some hitherto obscure spot as not only to attract universal attention for the time being, but to invest it with a more or less vivid halo of immortality.

Oddly enough, this searchlight seldom pauses save to reveal a tragedy. Tragedies are still the bases of news. Grope in the dawn of history and you find a Troy — really a small city — illumined; then a minor hill named Calvary is revealed. Years pass, and an obscure French town appears in history as Agincourt. Other years pass, and a Trafalgar looms up; then a Waterloo or a Gettysburg, and then a Sedan. Or suddenly a Mont Pelee flashes against the page, and so on down the tragic column.

Perhaps this searchlight is synonymous with catastrophe; or is it the eye of God?

Real Danger in Football

AS USUAL, the enemies of football are trying to make capital out of the fatalities of the season just passed. But, considering the countless thousands engaged in the sport, the list, however lamentable, is far from terrifying. To those accustomed to reckon mortality risks it is astonishingly brief. If the deaths had occurred in any sport or recreation in which the danger is less obvious to the sensitive eye — as, for example, traveling or swimming — they would scarcely have caused comment. Some years ago, when the Harvard faculty was discouraging football, a clear-headed undergraduate compiled a list showing that the accidents on the football field were exceeded by those due to slipping on the icy walks of the college yard. The walks continued to be slippery.

As far as this year's list of football fatalities shows anything it shows that the danger is not in the case of the great university games, where the brutality seems to reach the maximum, but in the minor games. Of the six victims whose ages are given, the oldest was seventeen, the youngest twelve. Only one was a member of a university team — and that the team of a second or third rate football university. The obvious moral is not that the game should be abolished, but that the players should be carefully selected and trained.

One danger there is, however, in football as in other contests requiring great physical effort and endurance, and it is characteristic that the reformers have quite ignored it. This is the danger that comes in the after life of the athlete. The life of business and the professions is sedentary in the main, and gives no scope to the vital organs as developed on fields and river; and Nature abhors useless tissue as she is said to abhor a vacuum. The overdeveloped heart, lungs and muscles degenerate in inactivity, and offer easy lodgment to disease — consumption, typhoid, heart degeneration.

In the past it was all but impossible for the busy city man to get healthy exercise during winter. Golf-links and tennis-courts are frozen. Gymnasiums are few, and at best dull and tedious. Rackets is expensive, and is cultivated only in exclusive clubs, the rackets' ball being, moreover, so small and swift in its flight as to be invisible except in broad daylight, when the normal man is at his desk.

None of these objections, however, is applicable to squash rackets, or "squash," as it is generally called. This is played with a larger ball, which, by the light of half a dozen arc-burners, is easily seen. Forty minutes of squash, three times a week, between business and dinner, is the best possible exercise, and enables a man to keep the full flush of physical and mental health throughout the winter. It is a pleasant sign of the times that squash-courts are multiplying in city clubs, and even in the back yards of private residences.

Make Straight the Way

ROBERT HUNTER, in his book on poverty, estimates the number of the miserably poor in this country at about 10,000,000. And he is probably not far from right. At first hearing it gives one a shock to think that of the inhabitants of this prosperous land one in every eight is on or near the pauper line. But on examination the fact, while remaining distressing and deplorable, is seen to be not disheartening.

Most of our great poverty is in our larger cities; and, as Mr. Hunter points out, more than half the population of thirty-three of our largest cities is foreign-born. Further, since 1880 no less than 12,000,000 immigrants have come here, most of them the poor in pocket and the broken in spirit.

It is amazing how rapidly we teach these newcomers hope and the way to prosperity. But — we ought to do still better. We ought to remove the last unjust obstacle to comfort from the pathway of strugglers, whether foreign or native born.

The Mystery of Health

WHENEVER any one is released from jail or penitentiary after a long sentence, we read that while he was in poor or downright bad health when he entered, he comes out as hearty as a brick. Yet almost without exception jails and penitentiaries are unsanitary, sunless places, with no facilities for proper exercise or for any of the other precautions usually taken by those who wish to get or keep health.

The mystery lies in two words — regularity and diet.

The first is perhaps the more important. Clocklike regularity; everything done on the second, and on the same second every day; a recognition of the fact that the body is a machine. Then, as a supplement to this, a simple diet — plain, not too varied — enough to eat, but not too much.

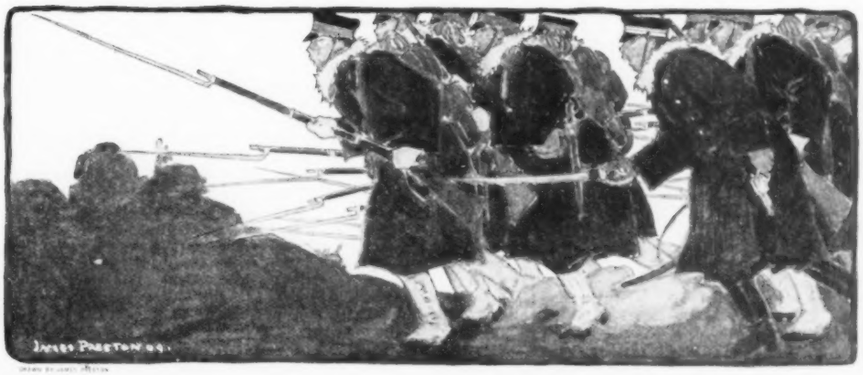
The Persistence of Good

EVER since Mr. Bryan, in 1896, sprang over night from comparative obscurity to national fame, the power of the individual nowadays to impress himself speedily upon our whole eighty millions, upon the whole of mankind, has been coming more and more in evidence.

If the telegraph and the other space-destroying forces of our day have multiplied the power of evil — of the tunneler and trickster and grabber — they have also multiplied into infinity the power of the counteracting force — a sound character, a strong capacity, a stout heart combined in one personality as leader in a just cause.

Out of the confusion of the revolution from the old, sleepy world of isolated individuals and communities toward the wide-awake world of to-morrow there has come thus far much evil. But much good, also; and as the confusion subsides the evil will subside, while the good will persist, like the continent upheaved by a primeval convulsion.

The Emperor's Messenger



What the Mikado's Representative Saw With Kuroki in Manchuria

By Colonel Miyamoto Shomei

Edited and Translated by Adachi Kinnosuké

[On a day in June of 1904 two officers of the Imperial Bodyguard left the palace. Lieutenant-Colonel Ito, of the infantry, was one of them; he was sent to the Second Army. Colonel Miyamoto Shomei, of the artillery, started for the First Army, for General Kuroki; he was the other. Both of these men represented his Majesty in person; they carried the gracious expressions of Imperial solicitude toward the comfort and well-being of the men under the sun-flag. Colonel Miyamoto's narrative follows.]

FEW persons realize how greatly his Majesty the Emperor is taking thought unto the comfort and well-being of his fighting men: their food, the sanitary arrangements, the wounded of the army, the treatment they are receiving, and their trials and sacrifices. These, indeed, seem to be the paramount affairs that are engaging his gracious Majesty's attention night and day. It was the august pleasure of his Majesty to send to the different armies in the field messages that would encourage them, that would comfort them in their work, and that, straight from the very lips of his Majesty. And so it came to pass that Mr. Ito, of the Bodyguard, and myself were honored to bear such gracious messages from the throne to the First and Second Armies in Manchuria. As soon as we reached the armies we delivered to the commanders of each battalion the Imperial messages; they were in turn delivered to the privates through many sub-officers. It was impossible to gather all the men together as upon a review occasion; most of the men were on duty; reserves were stationed ready to answer any sudden call that might come through the wire.

The Joy of His Grateful Army

NOTHING struck me more forcibly than the profound impression that was made all through the army at the announcement of the arrival of an Imperial messenger. You smile when I venture to remark, as if it were necessary, in what supreme regard and affection his Majesty is held by every one of his people; nevertheless, you should have seen officers and men on that summer morning when it was announced throughout the camp that there was present among them a man who had just brought gracious messages from the Emperor. One could hardly say it was an exultant joy that set the camp on fire; there was something too sublime, too profound to be a mere human joy. The simple announcement kindled a torch in the eyes of those fighters under the sun-flag, the light of which was touching and passing tender; with many, in fact, it was a dew-sparkle in tears they did not pretend to hide. Magic power electrified the whole army; it was nothing short of an emotional storm. That his Majesty, whom we all adore, burdened as he naturally is with great duties of State, should take the personal comfort and well-being of his privates to heart, and so seriously, too, that he had taken the trouble of sending out two of the officers of the Imperial Bodyguard that he might say to these men who are fighting under his flag that he is thinking night and day of the severe trials they are undergoing, and feeling with them the personal discomforts, and sharing, moreover, the miseries of the wounded on a foreign battlefield hundreds of miles away from their homeland—this idea seemed to fall upon the men with the keenness of surprise, and to inspire in their hearts the humble gratitude of a mortal when he realizes that a god is actually taking a personal interest in what he is doing, in what he is suffering, and even in what he is wearing and eating.

A general said to me: "The effect of this Imperial message given us is something that one can hardly realize. You might have sent us one million men in reenforcements—the million men could never have strengthened this army quite so successfully as this simple message from the throne. With your own eyes you have seen the result."

I entered into a field hospital. It was announced: "An august messenger from his Majesty!" The wounded—and they were all very seriously wounded; no trifling wounds would ever bring our men to hospitals—tried to rise from their cots *en masse*. It required no little physical force on the part of nurses and surgeons to force them down. Even then some tried to rise from their beds that they might receive with due ceremony and respect a messenger representing his Majesty in person. As soon as it was made known to them that this Imperial messenger was there for no other purpose than to say to them that his Majesty graciously wished to send the expressions of his sympathy and of his appreciation for the efforts of the men who are suffering privations, illness, and from mortal wounds; just as soon as it was given them to understand that it was the personal interest of his Majesty that impelled him to send a special messenger from his palace to convey to these, his loyal subjects, the expressions of his appreciation of the heroic things they were doing for the country and for his Majesty, that field hospital was indeed a touching sight. Men who had laughed in the face of Russian cannons, men who had joked light-heartedly of death and a flood of blood, seemed for all the world like a company of little babies who had just lost their mothers.

More touching, perhaps, than anything else was the scene that was displayed at the field hospital in which a few rare cases of contagious patients were kept. They were overwhelmed with the gracious message from the throne, and they were shocked at the idea that the personal representative of his Majesty should thus expose himself to the infection of disease. In fact, a number of officers strongly objected to my visiting this ward. Nevertheless, I explained to them that I was not going back to the palace and into the presence of his Majesty at once, and that there would, therefore, be no danger of infection. I wished, since it was the pleasure of his Majesty to give consolation to those who needed it most, to express his Majesty's gracious thoughts to these men who had been hapless enough to be stricken down with illness on the field of battle within the sound, as it were, of the hostile cannons.

Among the wounded were distributed tokens of the Imperial appreciation of their efforts—gifts in small packages were given to every one of them. Each raised his package to his brow, over streaming eyes, as if it were a gift from the gods. One officer in attendance turned to me and said: "Sir, these wounded men wish me to say that the one desire of their hearts is to see the day when they will be healed entirely, so that they can join the colors once again; and their one prayer before these precious tokens of his Majesty's gracious good wishes is that the gods may permit them to do an heroic deed worthy of his Majesty's kindness and grace."

Wherever I went I noticed that our soldiers seemed to be taking very good care of themselves. They hate and despise the hospital with a hatred that is almost superstitious. They know that they would be treated in the most kindly style by the hospital corps, but they know, also, that should they succumb to an attack of a disease they would be deprived of that supreme honor and pleasure of fighting under the flag, which means to them much more than life. So it seems to have come to pass that the soldiers make it a matter of great importance that they should obey strictly all the instructions given them by the physicians, and look carefully after their health. At no time, I have been told, have the victims of disease amounted to over two per cent. of those who were in the hospitals. It is well known that whenever an army is on the march the sick-list is comparatively light, but as soon as it camps in one place the list increases rapidly, and the examination that I have made, and the facts that I have ascertained, are more significant because they were got after one month and a half's stay of the First Army at Fengwangcheng.

The Man Behind the Gun

ONE day I came upon a private. I said to him: "What is it that you are trying to accomplish here?" He made answer with the simplicity of a man who is telling a familiar fact: "I am simply trying to understand, as best I can, the aim and the object of a battle. I always obey the commanding officer above me. I am also trying to take the best care of my body that I may discharge my duties as truly, as completely, as possible. I wish to offer this life to my Prince and to my country; that is all."

That answer made a decided impression on me. As I went about in the days that followed, I saw many soldiers and repeated to them the same question; invariably the answer was the same. They had one dream, one ambition; they wished to die that their country might live, that their Prince might uphold with dignity the majesty of their nation. After a hundred answers like this I said to myself: "It is not without reason that the Nippon army is strong."

I have been very much impressed, also, by the tales that are told of the heroic efforts of our men in overcoming not only the enemy but the natural difficulties. The Twelfth Division was making its way from Pingyang to Wiju. In the morning they found that the road was all frozen. It was impossible to use the horses extensively in dragging our artillery and heavy transport wagons. The ice and icicles cut the horses' legs as with a thousand swords. It devolved upon our engineer corps to clear the roads of these thousand weapons, and they did. But as the sun passed the meridian the frozen road became a sea of mud. Our engineer corps felled the trees and built a corduroy road as they went.

Even then the horses and men that toiled at the wheels of heavy transports were deluged with mud. Moreover, the Korean roads beneath the muddy depth seemed to conceal a thousand pitfalls. It was as if you were traveling in the very face of Providence every inch you measured. Sometimes the artillery wagons would be buried clean to the hubs of their wheels, and on one occasion it took men and horses to drag the guns for a distance of four ri (about ten miles) three days and three nights.

On this occasion, and on a number of others, the infantry by no means passed by the artillerymen indifferently. Weary as they were with their day's march, with their incessant fight against the ghastly Korean roads, and in spite of the fact that they had a good deal more than a mere mortal could stand; nevertheless, these infantrymen, when they saw in what predicaments their friends of the artillery corps found themselves, and that the wheels of their wagons were buried clean to the hubs, added their shoulders and lent their already wearied arms to help on the work, with that superb cheer which always comes to the hearts of the Nippon men wherever they see a number of their fellow-beings in a circumstance still more deplorable than their own.

Another remarkable instance of the trying work which fell to the luck of our engineers was on the Yalu. It was necessary to bridge the stream; but the building of bridges in broad daylight was quite out of the question, so the engineers had to plunge into the icy streams of the Yalu in the deadly hours of the night. Hardly any one of them could stay two hours in the stream at a time without being frozen to death. Men would plunge into the freezing stream, which was full of broken pieces of ice: they would work away as long as their limbs and hands retained consciousness. Then, when they found themselves benumbed by the cold, they would jump out of the stream and run like mad along the banks to keep themselves warm.

I have heard many stories that are quite touching. Not the least beautiful of these are the stories told of the friendship between the soldiers. On that historic day, the first of May, when the army was fording the Yalu in front of Kiuliencheng, the water came in some places up to the breast of the men fording it. Russians were shooting down upon the men point blank. It was impossible for them to miss very much. Our men were unable to reply. All that the Russians had to do was to take their aim calmly and pick off as many men as they had bullets. Naturally our men suffered a great deal. As the swift stream was trying to carry their wounded comrades down, you found those men coming to the assistance of their friends in spite of the fact that death was coming down upon them in a hailstorm of lead. And these wounded who were shot down in the stream, and were assisted by their comrades, refused to be taken back to the bank from which they plunged into the water, but begged their friends to carry them over to the Russian side, that they might get at the enemy. Many of the wounded on this occasion refused to take up the time of comrades who wished to help them to bind their wounds.

I heard an interesting story on the education of the transport corps. At the battle of Kiuliencheng, Major-General Shibuya marshaled the men belonging to the transport corps on a hilltop near Wiju. The hilltop commanded a view of the country for miles around. Spread at their feet was the sandy strip over which our men rushed to gain the stream of the Yalu. From the height these men of the transport corps saw the storm of shots from the Russian side shower upon the men who were rushing forward. Here and there and everywhere they could see our men falling. They could see, as if they had the whole battlefield upon their palms, the bloody and heroic instance of that rush across the Yalu in the face of the Russian fire. They could see the wounded hastily dressing his own wounds, and afterward still rushing steadily forward toward the hostile front as if nothing had happened.

This object-lesson impressed the men of the transport corps very seriously. Major-General Shibuya wished to educate these men who are not to take part in the fight, but to whom was confided the serious and very important task of carrying forward food and ammunition. Moreover, the general wished to "knead the soul," as he expressed it, of the untried men with the sight of the heroic deeds of their fellow-countrymen, that they—if, in an unexpected moment, they were caught in a trying position—might have the calmness and poise which would enable them to behave with that presence of mind which is essential to their work.

The courage of the Japanese is based on their love of country, their loyalty to their Prince. Nevertheless, there is one other very powerful stimulant for the men under the sun-flag for achieving heroic feats hitherto unknown to the story of the deeds of mere men. I refer to the constant presence of the Princes of blood in their ranks. Our soldiers who have gone to Manchuria have heard many an admirable story of the simple life in camp of commanding generals and high officers in the Nippon army—how they have fed upon the same rations as the private, and with him shared the privations of a Chinese hovel or a bed made of rocks and rain-soaked earth. "Ah, well," they had said to themselves, "all that might be true with generals and great officers in the army; but when it comes to Princes of the blood, that must be quite another thing." It was to their immense amazement, therefore, that they saw Kunino Miya, who is a captain in the army, charging at the head of his command, and exposing himself to hostile shots and shells, just exactly like any other captain in the ranks. They saw, also, Prince Kitashirakawa, who is a second lieutenant, discharge all the duties of a humble office, and for all the world there was no difference between his behavior and any of the petty officers.

At Fengwangcheng I saw—I must confess with a chill in my blood and twitchings in my heart—a Prince of the blood quartered in a small, dark room which was about six feet square, in a dilapidated hut. With a feeling akin to awe I saw him trying to stretch his august body in a narrow space in that dark room, already choked with bundles which were crowded into it. These object-lessons from the princely representatives in the army sharing the hardships of privates are making an impression upon our men the like of which nothing else could possibly produce.

As soon as I returned home I reported the details to his Majesty. I was allowed to "worship" the expressions of Imperial satisfaction at the report of the bravery of our officers and men. Many questions his Majesty deigned to ask of me. I wish that the men on the field could have heard every one of the many questions of his Majesty. Nothing could express the solicitude, the abiding interest and the sympathy of his Majesty for the affairs of the men at the front as did the inquiries which came from his royal lips.

After that, when the honor of an audience with her Majesty the Empress was vouchsafed me, I took special care in reporting to her Majesty the condition of the wounded, the details of the army rations, and as I was permitted to recount to her Majesty the stories of the heroic deeds of our men, I saw the mists in her Majesty's royal eyes. What would they not give, I wonder, those men at the front, for a glimpse of her Majesty moved to tears at the stories of what they have done?

As I am so poor in the gift of speech, I was not at all sure that I could discharge the duties of conveying to the army the gracious pleasures of his Majesty, but the officers were good enough to say that I need not be troubled about that: that the very fact that I brought to them an august message from his Majesty was quite divine enough to accomplish everything that was desired.

The City of Comfort and Beauty

What Paris Has to Teach Us in Farsightedness, Thrift and the Cash Value of "Visionary Ideals"

By David Graham Phillips

ONE of the visions that rose before the intoxicated imaginations of the leaders of the French Revolution was a Paris that should be the ideal city—drawing all men toward it, sending out light to all men. And the architects and engineers whom the Revolution produced in its general emancipation of and encouragement to the French mind set about realizing the physical side of this vision. They planned a Paris that should be the most beautiful and the most comfortable city in the world. Their plans—which, naturally, were modified and expanded as the work progressed—are now coming as near to the completed stage as is possible in a world in which every completed idea straightway becomes parent to a thousand other ideas. Save for the brief interruptions of the return of the Bourbons after Waterloo and of the prostration immediately after the German War, the work has gone steadily forward.

The final phase was the solving of the problem of transportation. It was Paris—in the latter half of the seventeenth century—that first saw and studied the problem. The initial result was a cab system and the beginnings of an omnibus system; and, with the progress of scientific discovery and invention, Paris has steadily developed this vitally important matter of getting easily, cheaply and quickly about within the city. After cabs and omnibuses came street railways and steamboats, then circle railways connecting the outlying districts, finally the underground; and this was only accomplished by development from horses to cables, to steam, and at last to electricity.

The latest development is the underground. Many cities in Europe and a few in America have undergrounds; New York has just completed one, modeled after the Paris system. But no city has such a splendidly worked-out system as that to which Paris is putting the finishing touches.

Paris is a circular city, practically cut in two by the River Seine. It covers about 20,000 acres, and has 3,000,000 inhabitants. The underground system is very simple:

1. A line straight across the city under the right bank of the Seine.

2. A line straight across the city under the left bank of the Seine.

3. A circle around these diameters with a radius of almost half a mile.

4. A second circle, about a mile outside the first circle.

5. A third circle, about three-quarters of a mile outside the second circle.

6. A fourth circle, about half a mile outside the third.

7. Branches, like spokes, connecting these concentric circles at brief intervals.

These underground roads were built, or are building, by private capital for the city and for the people on terms that are a melancholy commentary upon the way our municipal franchises have been granted. To read one of these contracts is to wonder how the American capitalists who went into street-railway building had the effrontery—not to speak of the utter lack of public spirit—to make these contracts with their fellow-citizens. The capitalists cannot plead ignorance—they knew what was being done in Europe. But unfortunately our people did not know.

The fares on the underground are five cents for first class, which is better than the best street-railway accommodations in America, and three cents for the second class, which is as good as our best. For one fare you can go anywhere within the city—and the mere statement above of the routes is sufficient to show how correctly that word anywhere is used.

To sum up the means of getting about in Paris:

A. By cab, which under the new regulations costs for two people and for short distances about double what you would pay in an American street railway.

B. By omnibuses. For from three to six cents, according to the location of your seat, you can go at a rather leisurely pace in all directions and as far as you like along the principal streets of the city.

C. By "train," or street car. For from two to five or six cents you can go along the surface of the great arteries leading from the heart of the city to its suburbs.

D. By steamboat. For from two to four cents you can go from one end of the city to the other along the river—and the river traverses the entire length of the business and manufacturing districts.

E. By the underground, already described.

This perfect system of intra-urban transportation, offering all the varieties of route to all the varieties of taste and paying ability, is typical of Paris, of France. We in America have to get our ideas of the French in large part from the English, their hereditary enemies. But in spite of this, the strong similarity between the French mind and the American mind has compelled a surprising degree of sympathy. And the American abroad never feels so much at home, despite the difference of language and of customs, as in Paris—

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assuming, of course, that he does not regard one revolting and not characteristically Parisian phase of boulevard life as all there is to Paris. He sees the same ceaseless diligence, the same cheerfulness and hopefulness in work, the same intelligence and inextinguishable enthusiasm, the same cordiality to a new idea, the same impatience of the old which has been proved bad or has been superseded. He sees that the French have been doing through the centuries that which America is determined to do. And it pleases and flatters him to note how amazingly well America has done, considering how recently she entered the race.

Underneath every vision of "these visionary French," as the other progressive nations of Europe call them, there will always be found a basis of shrewd common-sense. When an Englishman or a German is "visionary" he usually has to be taken care of by his family and friends or by the state. A Frenchman makes a living out of his visions, and the more visions he has the better living he makes. We have among us a small clique of people who, from doubtless laudable motives of "leading the higher life," affect a scorn for the practical, calling it sordid or "vulgar commercialism." Whenever a Frenchman comes among us talking that kind of talk or encouraging that kind of thought be sure he has designs on our pocketbook. For in France the visionary and the practical are wedded in indissoluble marriage—not because the French are sordid, but because they, like America that works, know by instinct the profound truth that the ideal is of value only as it can be realized in the increasing comfort and happiness of mankind.

That is why the French had a vision of a democratic republic and fought the longest and most desperate of battles to realize it. That is why the French had a vision of a perfect city which, giving to all men, should reap returns a hundredfold. And the American, visiting Paris and moved to admiration by its beauty and convenience, its eager extension to every man of that which he most wants and needs, is moved to still deeper admiration when he realizes how sensible and how profitable are these vast Parisian investments of time and thought and money.

There is a theory of life which Empedocles well summed up when he described that nation which lived each day as if that day were its last chance to be merry and built as if it expected to live forever. That is the theory which the French practice. No people is more light-hearted, generous, gay, thoughtful of comfort and happiness, and none is more chiefly averse to waste, determined to build for all time.

Under that theory men feel that the highest development of all the uses of life comes through the cultivation of all those servants of the mind, the senses. It is necessary to eat—let us make of eating an art. It is necessary to see—let us train the eyes to appreciate the beautiful and make for it beautiful things to see. It is necessary to wear clothing—let us put beauty as well as use into them. The theory can be, is abused; but is there no abuse of the other theory? Are no lives wrecked by the sad, penitential "just-slouch-along-and-get-it-over-with" theory? Are no digestions ruined by badly-cooked food swallowed whole?

Anyhow, looking only at the purely material aspect of the matter, the Parisians, living as if each day were to be their last and dwelling in a city that was built for immortality, succeed in getting from foreigners, precisely because they do live that way in that sort of city, enough money to pay their huge taxes—most of it war taxes—and to have a very respectable surplus against old age.

It pays to have a city so beautiful that its citizens love it and are unhappy if long away from it. And it pays to have a city so beautiful that strangers flock to it and gladly unburden themselves of their surplus wealth.

This ideal of beauty and comfort and infinite variety of interest which Paris so intelligently realizes is within the reach of every municipality. And it ought to appeal—on the practical side, at least—to even the most "hard-headed" men of business in our cities and towns. The meanest merchant in a small town, one who would rather lose a tooth than a dollar, will go far enough into "foolishness" to fix up his show-windows so that the passers-by may be halted, perhaps lured to enter. Why should he not see that "foolishness" indulged by a combination of all the merchants in making the town beautiful and comfortable would cause a larger stream of passers-by, increased chances for success to the lure of the show-windows?

The President's Health

WITH but two exceptions, Napoleon and his generals were all young men; and President Roosevelt is Napoleonic in his belief in young men. He is a young man himself, and will remain young until his latest days, because he observes the laws of health.

Talking one evening with ex-Postmaster-General Hatton, in the company of several others, he said: "There are laws which the thoughtless violate recklessly, because there are no apparent compensations, nor sanctions. I mean the laws of health. But I study those laws, and am trying all the while to observe them."

That was while Mr. Roosevelt was the comparatively obscure Civil Service Commissioner. Since then he has passed through much, and he is yet young and vigorous, although thousands of men who have lived as many years and done less strenuous "stunts" are growing haggard.

Mr. Roosevelt expressed his regret about President Arthur's end, because there was at that time in public life no man with such a splendid physique as Mr. Arthur; and yet Arthur died at what should have been the zenith of his manhood. Mr. Roosevelt knew him well, and admired his higher self, and all the good there was in him. Perhaps the sudden end of that career had its salient effect upon the young man, who has ever since so conserved his strength.

There seems, at any rate, to be a lesson in the comparison. President Roosevelt observes every one of the laws of health, whereas President Arthur violated and even defied them. He lived with utter indifference and with cheery disregard of all of such rules. He laughed at the idea of the necessity of exercise, regular hours for business, or rest. He said: "Rest is something for laborers at the forge and anvil. Brain workers need only such rest as comes gratuitously."

That was the theory of Chester Alan Arthur. He was wrong. But he was magnificent even when wrong. All his personal friends loved him.

President Roosevelt has his regular hours for breakfast and for every other meal. President Arthur seldom thought of breakfast until ten o'clock in the morning, and he usually ordered his supper at all hours from six to eleven at night. He was exceedingly fond of terrapin, but the steward, Crump, was the only one who could prepare it for him to his entire satisfaction. Many a night Mr. Arthur sat at his table from ten until after twelve o'clock, eating and drinking, always with one, two or three political and personal friends, for he was ever a convivial gentleman. He slept six hours nightly but dozed for an hour or two in the afternoon.

Frequent attacks of indigestion compelled Mr. Arthur at last to resort to the aid of physicians; but as soon as relief came he ignored the doctors and returned to his indulgences. They begged him to give up dozing, and take horseback rides in lieu of those hours of inertia. For a while he heeded their counsel and took long rides on Kalorama Heights, north of Washington; but these rides were irksome to him and he gave them up. Thereafter he grew rapidly in weight, while he lost health, strength and energy in inverse ratio. When his term of office expired he was a very ill man.

On the reviewing-stand, in front of the White House, on the day of Mr. Cleveland's inauguration, March 4, 1885, Mr. Cleveland stood to the fore. To his right, and one pace to the rear, stood General Sherman. Sitting on his left was Mr. Arthur, pale, nervous, suffering. Grover Cleveland's strong, ruddy face was in marked contrast, and even General Sherman, fifteen years his senior, was physically perfect compared with Mr. Arthur, who looked almost as pale and worn as he did in his coffin two years later.

When the time comes for Mr. Roosevelt to sit beside his successor in office and review the parade he will not be pale, nervous nor worn. Always obeying the laws of health, as he has always obeyed the laws of the land, he will remain virile, vigorous and wholesome, until, in the fullness of years, he is gathered to his fathers.

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Clean Streets and Clean Government

BY DAVID BUFFUM

EVERY great city is swept from time to time by a reform movement, a majority of its citizens waking up to the desire for better and purer administration of its public affairs. As a rule this spirit, after a longer or shorter interval, lapses, and is followed by a return to old methods and old ways; and thus history repeats itself again and again.

The two chief things invariably aimed at in these reform movements are: first, the stamping out of all graft and corruption in municipal departments; and, second, the greater efficiency and thoroughness of the work that these departments do. These two aims are, upon their face, so desirable that it would seem as if no majority of citizens, having once realized them, could ever wish to dispense with them; and the carpet-knights of reform, who deplore the existence of the serpent but whose feet have never followed his trail, see in the defeat of a reform administration only a renewed exhibition of the inexplicable depravity of human nature.

Of this singular indifference of the people to what is for their best welfare, and their equally strange preference for a corrupt and inefficient public service, I will speak later. Meanwhile, let us take a glance at one of the municipal departments and its "internal workings," and see what we find. In this I shall refer to the department with which I chance to be most familiar—that of street cleaning in New York, with which, at the time when Colonel George E. Waring was Commissioner, I was connected in its horse or "stable division." As concerns the degree of success attendant on the administration's efforts to eliminate "boodling," it may be taken as a fair example of the rest.

For the accomplishment of the Department's work, which included the removal of all house-offal and ashes, as well as cleaning the streets, the city was divided into districts, each in charge of a District Superintendent. The districts, in turn, were subdivided into sections, each section being in charge of a section foreman and his assistant, and having its regular assigned number of sweepers, drivers, carts and horses. Besides this was the stable division, which, under Colonel Waring, was run entirely separate and distinct from the street or sweeper division, and whose office it was to maintain in good condition the Department's horses, carts and equipment, and to supply to each section its requisite number of teams and drivers.

In the days before Colonel Waring was Commissioner the "system" was in vogue in the Department, and every official was called upon to give up to his immediate superior a portion of the graft that he was able to collect. Thus, in constantly increasing sums, it worked its way upward. It was not healthy for an officer who wished to retain his position to refuse to unbelt—though he often contrived to keep secret certain obscure but fruitful sources of income, and thus realized a substantial reward for following the admonition of Burns to "still keep something to yersel' ye'll scarcely tell to ony." In this matter of graft, if in no other, the Department worked smoothly; wheels that were so constantly greased could be relied upon to turn quietly.

Where the Money Came From

But where did all the money come from? The work of the Department was plain and simple; there was no opportunity for blackmail, no call for hush-money. To an outsider it would not look like a fruitful field for graft.

In hotels, factories, large stores, and, in fact, all establishments of any magnitude, it is of the utmost importance to have their ashes and garbage removed promptly and cleanly, at a certain hour, every day. Failure to remove the garbage will breed a fearful nuisance, such as no hotel can afford to tolerate; and in cold weather I have known the furnace-rooms of large buildings to be so clogged with ashes that there was actually no further room for their bestowal. Proprietors learned that the payment of a certain weekly or monthly stipend would cause the section foreman to look sharply to their needs; whereas, if it were withheld it was surprising how constantly the Department was overworked, belated on account of weather, lame horses or hot boxes, or afflicted with green drivers who couldn't possibly get around on time. It was easier and, as a matter of business, much cheaper to pay the toll.

There were always men who declined to do this, however, and these made shift to get along as best they could with an indifferent service or were constrained to employ private teams to carry away their refuse. If complaint were made to the chief officials at the main office it was courteously listened to, with the assurance that the matter would be thoroughly investigated and the delinquent official punished. But there it usually rested.

In this way the toll at the large establishments was looked after by the section foreman; but there were also many private houses where good, prompt service was desired, and here, the case being one in which the foreman could not meddle without great loss of personal dignity, the driver of the ash-cart got the tips. In many of the residence sections tipping was, and I suppose still is, the rule rather than the exception. The routes in these sections were called "rich routes," and the driver who was assigned to one was considered lucky. But under the system he himself had to pay toll to the official in charge of the stable to which he belonged, the amounts levied on each driver being nicely adjusted to the richness or poverty of his route.

In all these transactions investigation could rarely discover any crookedness or handing up of graft as such; the sums paid by a subordinate to a superior always proved to be loans or money paid for some real or fictitious service. So invariably was this the case and to such an extent was it carried that in Colonel Waring's time it was met by making "borrowing" of a subordinate a serious offense, often punished by dismissal.

Frying the Fat Out of Snow

There were other ways of obtaining money, but in the uniformed force, which included all those in the sweeper and stable divisions, those mentioned were the most commonly practiced. It is impossible to estimate with any accuracy the amount of money thus levied in the space of a year, but it is sufficient to say that, slight as the original sources appear, it was no trifling sum, nothing that the most lenient observer of the situation could possibly pass over as a thing of little consequence. That there were officers whose pay ranged only from $1000 to $1200 per annum who were, nevertheless, able to keep driving horses and to indulge in other luxuries wholly disproportionate to their salaries tells its own story.

Having their headquarters in the main office—which also sheltered the clerical force, a small army in itself—were the four chief officials of the Department—the Commissioner, Deputy Commissioner, General Superintendent and Assistant General Superintendent; and these gentlemen, if they chose, had opportunities for enrichment beside which those I have enumerated were small in comparison. I shall not attempt to probe the secrets of the main office in the days when the system was in vogue; I need only say that the purchase of the Department's enormous amount of supplies was not without its possibilities, and that the transaction of almost every branch of Department business could be turned to account. Even in Waring's time such vast sums of money were made by the contractors in the removal of snow that there arose in some of our minds the questions: Where did this money go? Was it possible the contractors were allowed to retain it all? It was only a few years after this that Colonel Waring died, and it was with mingled feelings of regret and relief that certain of his former appointees, who recalled with pride the part they had in the brilliant work of his administration, and who wished to retain full faith in him, learned that he died poor. No stronger proof could be had that his hands were clean.

The Abolishment of the System

But what of the Department under reform rule? And to what extent was it purified? When Waring took charge the system was demolished—not but that, in spite of this, there was plenty of "borrowing" thereafter, but the regular handing up of graft was really done away with. This is beyond question. Drivers were required to do their work thoroughly, and such a routine was introduced that their calls at a house or place of business would be approximately at the same hour every day. They were forbidden, on penalty of dismissal from the service, to receive tips; and citizens were enjoined, by every means by which the matter could be brought to their attention, to refrain from feeing either drivers or section foremen. Nevertheless, there remained many proprietors of large buildings who believed it was still for their best interest to "see" the section foreman occasionally, and many householders who were not only willing but preferred to add their reward for good service to the wages the driver received. That their own taxes were already paying these men was a thing apparently forgotten, and with citizens thus ready to defeat the object of the Commissioner the stern morality of the ash-cart driver could hardly be relied upon to stand in the breach. The penalty of dismissal, too, had no terrors for him, for his crime was almost impossible of detection. So the rich routes continued to be rich routes; and time and again during Waring's administration bumptious drivers would be reduced to a properly chastened state of mind by being transferred from rich routes to those in the slums, where tips were as rare as hens' teeth. The true inwardness of these transfers did not appear in the written reports that were sent up to the main office, but was perfectly understood by all of the uniformed force.

Foremen who were themselves afflicted with an itching palm took much greater chances of detection than drivers, for in every section the large establishments where graft might be forthcoming were well known. But when were men who wished to turn their official positions to account deterred by such considerations? They took their chances, nothing daunted; and if they were unlucky enough to be detected and dismissed they consoled themselves with the reflection that they had at least put in their time in the Department to some purpose and could well afford the period of enforced idleness which was liable to follow their dismissal. Indeed, this boast from dismissed officers was no uncommon thing, and I remember one man who boasted—and, I think, with reason—that "he had made money enough in the Department to keep him for two years, easy."

The breaking up of the system was, beyond all question, a good thing. Under the system, discipline, that keynote of all effective service, would have been impossible. But, essential as was reform in this respect and others, it only gave a better chance to those who were still collecting graft—they could now keep it all for themselves. It also bore a new and peculiarly bitter fruit. Men whose hands were clean and who regarded the taking of graft as dishonorable and unworthy of their trust—and among Waring's new appointees there were many such—were forced, in the persons of their co-workers, to see the exasperating picture of the wicked spreading himself like a green bay tree, flashing rolls in barrooms, wearing good clothes, and taking pleasant trips out of

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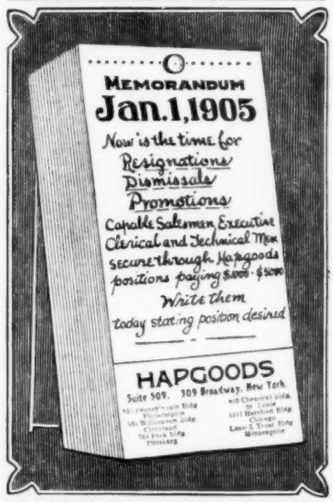

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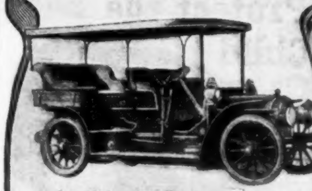

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town of a Sunday, while they themselves were constrained to go shabbily clad and were often hard put to it to pay for the necessaries of life on their meagre salaries. That so many of our officers continued, in the face of this, to keep their fingers clean and to fight it out along the lines on which they began is a commentary on the good stuff there is in human nature. But the experience did not tend to sweetness of temper, and a cynical spirit developed that might have done credit to La Rochefoucauld himself.

What was Actually Accomplished

It was, of course, in the power of an officer to make charges at the main office against any one whom he knew to be taking graft; indeed, it was, theoretically, his duty to do so. But making charges against an equal in rank is ticklish business, and if an officer was wise he contented himself with regulating the conduct of those who properly came under his own command, which he could do without troubling the main office.

In thus referring to the corruption that existed in reform administration I have no wish nor any intention to decry reform, to discredit the chief of the Department, or to underrate the undoubted efficiency of his work. I tell it only to show that a public department, like a popular government, can be no better than the people who constitute and use it, and that perfection in the matter in question can be expected only when perfection exists in human nature. Without doubt the wisdom of long and thorough experience could have made the Department purer than it was, but such wisdom, relying for guidance, as it must, on the beacon-lights of past errors and mistakes, requires more time than is usually accorded to a reform administration.

As to the work the Department accomplished, that was well known to all New Yorkers, and needs little comment. The truck nuisance was abated; the streets were cleaned as they never were before; house refuse was carted away with the regularity and punctuality of clockwork; and the denizens of the worst tenement districts could, and often did, boast that they were as well served in this respect as those who dwelt in the most fashionable neighborhoods. The general satisfaction with this work extended far beyond that minority of the more cultured whom we commonly refer to as "the best class." It took a deep hold on the great mass of common people who always form the majority and whose votes count at election time. And yet these same people overthrew the reform administration and brought about a sweeping Tammany victory. Why?

It was simply that they believed that the interests of the workingman were better served by Tammany than by the reform party. This change of opinion — for it was the votes of this class that made the reform victory possible — came about in the four years that followed it, and was owing to a variety of causes and influences, some of them so complex and subtle as to elude any attempt satisfactorily to trace them, and others that I will endeavor, as best I can, to point out.

In this, as in what I have already said, I must still confine myself to the Department that I am familiar with, the conditions being essentially similar to the others.

When Waring first took the reins in hand he found, of course, all the offices filled with Tammany appointees. A large number of these either resigned or were dismissed and their places filled by men of the Commissioner's own choosing. But a goodly number did what we called the "cry-baby act" — in other words, went to the Commissioner and humbly acknowledged their past shortcomings, pleading in extenuation the System they were compelled to live and work under, and promised exemplary conduct in the future if allowed to remain. The Commissioner's reply would surely have met the approval of all the carpet-knights, being in the spirit of the most exalted, but theoretical, reform, and was, in effect, that he had no controversy with any party or organization but only sought good, efficient service in his appointees; and that if they wished to conform to his rules and do their best they would be given a chance and not removed until they had given good cause for it. The action, though well meant, was a mistake. It could not be reasonably expected that leopards who were so deeply marked could change their spots, nor, from anything that I could ever observe, did they do so. But they had had long practice in the art of office-holding, and they forthwith displayed a skill little short of genius in concealing their sins of omission and commission and a faculty for getting along smoothly with their superiors that, in most instances, kept them long in their places.

It would have been far better for the service and far better for the cause of reform to make a clean sweep of these gentlemen out of the Department, regardless of their merits or demerits. Their retention was not necessary, for there were plenty of men in the reform party who were qualified to fill their places, and it served no good purpose. The impression early got abroad that in the distribution of offices the victors were not necessarily to have the spoils, by any means, and the first misgiving entered the minds of the common people who had voted the reform ticket.

It is beside the purpose to say that their views were narrow and unworthy, and that they ought to have been satisfied to do what was right for its own sake. Reform, to be practical, must deal with human nature as it is, not as it ought to be; and human nature is such that men will not continue to win victories which are, to any appreciable extent, for the benefit of the enemy.

Waring was too sagacious, however, to depend very much on the hold-overs from a former administration; the task he had on hand was a great one, and he needed men of whom he felt sure. It was needful that the sections be put in charge of men who could and would accomplish, each day, the difficult work with which the new order of things started out; that the districts be supervised by men of resolution and executive ability, and the stables officered by those who understood the care and management of horses as well as men. By far the greater part of the appointees were men of his own choosing, who were hitherto unconnected with the Department. The effect on the popular mind of the retention of a comparatively few Tammany appointees was, therefore, wholly disproportionate to the figure that they really cut in the service — which makes the act only the more to be regretted.

Among the applicants for appointment to the humbler positions was a fairly large class of very small politicians, men who controlled few votes, perhaps, but who did, nevertheless, possess some slight modicum of influence, and had cast it into the scale of reform. It was manifestly impossible to employ a man for political reasons if he were not otherwise qualified for the position he sought; the Department would have proved wholly inadequate to its task. But the men were given too thoroughly to understand that their affiliation with the reform party stood them in no stead whatever, and their pride was hurt. Here, again, an apparently small and trivial matter, working on the hidden springs of human nature, produced large results. By slow degrees a constantly increasing number of the working classes became imbued with the idea that those of them who had espoused the reform movement had, as individuals, no part nor parcel in it.

The Strength of Tammany

As I have said, there were causes of discontent that it would be useless to try to trace, but the things I have named, with others of a kindred nature, were sufficient to cause an estrangement and lack of confidence in the common people that Tammany politicians, large and small, were not slow to take advantage of. The prevailing sentiment was concisely voiced by one of my clerks, himself a Tammany man. "Tammany's got lots of faults," said he; "it's done a lot of inefficient work, and it's boodled to beat the band; but it keeps its promises and remembers its friends."

However the revulsion of feeling came about, there was no mistaking it. In the homes of the carpet-knights, and even in main offices and amongst the clerical force of municipal departments, the hope was rife that in the coming election the reform party would again triumph. How could it be otherwise when such great benefits had been bestowed upon the people? But we, whose work kept us in closer touch with the people, who knew of the arguments and opinions expressed in corner barrooms and other places where workingmen congregate, and in a score of ways could note the drift of popular sentiment, could see the handwriting on the wall and read it with unerring eyes. The reform party was doomed to defeat. So sure did we feel of this that many of us, in anticipation of it, were seeking new fields of occupation, knowing well that Tammany would not emulate our Commissioner's example and retain the enemy's appointees.

The Man With a Millstone About His Neck

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Mechan. Draughtsman	Surveyor
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Architect	Structural Engineer
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LITERARY FOLK

Their Ways and Their Work

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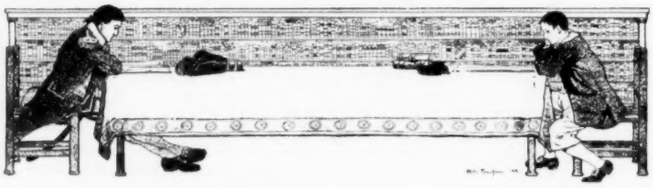

¶ As a people we have always protested against the Continental criticism that rated Poe and Whitman as representative and national, and our greatest poets. Whitman, in particular, never found the ear of the class to whom he wrote. What appreciation is his has been largely won outside his own country and from those shaved and whitened men of letters on whom in his own day he so resolutely turned his back. As a people we regard him as an eccentric, an accident, what the biologists call a "sport," and what his own friend Pete would have called a freak.

Yet there is something to say for the other side. After all, a man is not conspicuous above his fellows by reason of his resemblance to the next man. In physique, in personality, in nationality, in literature, the eye seeks the angle of divergence, the point where the path turns. It may be that though we are a commercial people, commercialism is not our ultimate expression—no student of our history who has not caught the glint of that deep stain of sentiment and idealism that colors every fibre of the American social fabric, whatever dust and soot of careless years may overlay the pattern. Nevertheless, we are admittedly commercial as no other people has ever been, and careful foreign observers are right in marking materialism as the most significant if not the determinant symptom of our activities. Two hundred years hence, when we read American fiction of to-day as we read the eighteenth-century novelists of England now, we shall look first for the human features that declare our kinship with the generations that were before, but, once assured of a common ancestry and a right descent, our scrutiny will merge swiftly into a friend's curiosity for the play of expression across a friend's face, for the discovery of motive and direction. It will be strange in that day if we do not choose business and the desire of visible and outward success as the most arrogantly obvious, as, perhaps, it has been always and everywhere the most subtly influential purpose in American life of to-day. And it will be easier then to judge if Robert Herrick's Common Lot *(The Macmillan Company)* is as truthful as it seems to us of the living moment.

Is it not a tribute to the seriousness and worth of literature that, whenever it is permanent, man's interest with it always devolves upon its content or its implication rather than its form? A little rhapsody of the elder Robert Herrick's—one caresses that satin texture of language and those delicately modeled articulations of metre; but the eye passes and the hand lifts, and "Ah," one says wistfully, "they saw those things with a morning freshness in those days": it is the spiritual implication and not the sensuous impression that abides. The Common Lot cannot be dismissed as well constructed or cleverly phrased or highly sensitized. The early chapters are a delight in craftsmanship, in sober, restrained, direct expression, in thorough understanding of the material and the medium; but though this adroit handling of technical means continues throughout the story, the ungrateful reader comes easily enough to accept it as his due and concentrates all his attention on the moral progress of Jackson Hart, the strongest figure, though not the strongest character, in the book.

Powers Jackson, the uncle, a self-made, hard-headed, hard-fisted, lean, powerful old man of strong passions and strong ambitions, has sent his nephew to Cornell, to an Eastern technical institute of high rank, and finally to the École des Beaux Arts. When young Jackie begins in the office of an established architect his allowance continues, but at his uncle's death he finds himself cut off with $10,000, and the bulk of the great estate left in trust for the foundation of a workingman's school. "Get all ready before you start; get all ready—then let us have results," the old gentleman was wont to say. Jackie accepts the challenge. He is active, keen witted, well equipped, eager to do big things. He has social aptitude, a handsome wife and a good acquaintance. Well—the man breaks down utterly. His moral fibre is not equal to the strain. He must, he believes, spend money to make money. He must entertain to enlarge his avenues of approach to the men who have contracts to give. More and more he grows to rely on personal favors, secret channels of pressure, social chicane, "pull," and less and less on honest work. He takes a flier in the market and gets caught. Somehow that note must be met, and in the moment of his weakness he consents with his conscience to cheat himself. Graves, the dishonest contractor, with whom he has already dallied, gets his hands on him—to be plain, buys him. He has already sold his ideals—now he sells his manhood; and the appalling thing is that the man does not realize the depth of his own abasement. He does not even see it when the crash comes, when the cheap construction and scamped work he and Graves have put into an apartment house come tumbling about their ears, crushing the lives they were to have sheltered and uncovering in all its naked ugliness the staring fraud in which they have been partners. Jackson realizes the disgrace keenly enough, but not yet the cause of it. He is all for moving to St. Louis, to "make a fresh start." He does not see that it would be only starting afresh. He does not see that he has in everything edged steadily away from the honest realities—honest work, honest love of the truths of his profession, his wife, the conditions of acceptance under which we hold all the gifts of life—in short, the Common Lot, whether one take the phrase as philosophy or as the antithesis of Mr. James' Better Sort. But his wife sees. With none of her husband's brilliancy, facility and turn for dialectic, she sees truer and holds stronger. It is for her sake that he takes his place at the bottom of the ladder again and enters the office where he first began.

Can the man purge himself, live clean, and get his strength again? Mr. Herrick clearly thinks so. He believes that in every man there lie unsounded possibilities for good as for evil, to be brought out by conflict and strife or to melt into the earth again with the flesh that housed them. No theory of atonement or redemption is definitely advanced; there is no shifting of blame from the man to the conditions. Business in the world of ideas is like money in the world of commerce, a necessary circulating medium. Young Hart makes the mistake of establishing the one and the other as absolute standards of value. He is disgraced not because he builds to meet the conditions of business, but because he fails to meet them—because he skimps his work in the rush to possess the appearance of success without the reality. He is a modern example under American conditions of an eternal type—the man who thinks to cheat the fates, to escape the common lot, and shutting his fingers on the substance finds it dissolves into the shadow, to leave him empty-handed at the last.

MORE HOLIDAY BOOKS FOR CHILDREN — They run the gamut from the pleasantly ridiculous to the seriously historical.

¶ Not only the human boy but the human girl is remembered, as witness, for instance, B. L. Farjeon's Lucy and Their Majesties *(The Century Company)*, a pleasantly ridiculous tale wherein the wax people of the resourceful Madame Tussaud straighten out the love-tangle. From the same publishers comes Ellen and Mr. Man, in which Gouverneur Morris gives us a delightful little girl and tells, in his own persuasive way, how a sensitive boy loved her as only a sensitive boy can love a delightful little girl.

It is another little girl of the same sort that an old-fashioned Southern negro is in charge of in Mammy 'Mongst the Wild Nations of Europe *(Frederick A. Stokes Company)*. Ruthella Mory Bibbins tells how Mammy went abroad, and amusingly records the impressions received by this ancient retainer, who sees all that there is to be seen and drinks tea with a peer of the realm.

Three exceptions to the rule that historical juveniles are declining are Tudor Jenks' boys' biography of Captain John Smith *(The Century Company)*; W. H. Shelton's The Three Prisoners *(A. S. Barnes & Co.)*, and Thomas J. L. McManus' The Boy and the Outlaw *(The Grafton Press)*. Mr. Jenks' work is already familiar (did he not write for some boys who now are boys no longer?), and his John Smith is as readable as was his earlier work. Mr. Shelton's story is an exciting narrative of youthful adventures during the War of the Rebellion, and that of Mr. McManus is the tale of the John Brown raid and the thrilling days of the splendid failure at Harper's Ferry.

Boys being boys, adventure stories remain, however, even when historical juveniles go the way of the historical romance erstwhile rejuvenated, and Captain Ralph Bonehill may always be relied upon to furnish at least one good one a year. This season it is The Island Camp *(A. S. Barnes & Co.)*, the tale of certain exciting incidents which befell some lads in search of big game. George Bird Grinnell is another writer such as the doughty captain, and in Jack in the Rockies *(Frederick A. Stokes Company)* he takes his heroes into the good old Wild West of buffaloes and redskins—and gets them safely out of it, though by a very narrow margin.

It was to be expected that the war in the East would be felt among American Christmas juveniles, and the expected, for once, has happened with the appearance of Kibun Daizin *(The Century Company)*. This is a translation—and, one fancies, in part, an adaptation—by Maso Yoshida of a tale by Gensai Murai. It is the story of the rise of a young Japanese "from shark-boy to merchant prince," and is interesting not only for its plot but as a picture of life in Japan.

More in the accepted idea of what little children's books should be is Santa Claus' Wonderful Candy Circus *(Laird & Lee)*, with every page illustrated in be-yu-ti-ful colors. The narrative is in verse. Of the same order, though displaying more delicacy of fancy, is The Happy Heart Family, by Virginia Gerson *(Fox, Duffield & Co.)*. Frances Trego Montgomery has before now written juvenile stories of the Jules Verne description without the plausibility. This year she dedicates to her little godson the story of a wonderful goat, Billy Whiskers, Jr. *(The Saalfield Publishing Company)*, who may be seen, in the numerous colored illustrations, victoriously colliding with almost everything that walks on two legs or four.

¶ **MINOR MENTION**: Sometimes ineffective, occasionally weak, once in a while entirely too candied for the masculine palate, Richard Le Gallienne is, at his best, always easy, happy of phrase, graceful of style and tender and poetical of thought. To say, then, that in Painted Shadows *(Little, Brown & Co.)* he is to be found at both his best and worst is to say about all that need be said. The shadows are a collection of Mr. Le Gallienne's recent prose contributions to the magazines, mostly stories, and they amazingly show that, in the matter of fiction, a writer of nimble fancy may nevertheless be lacking invention. For the most part, he does not convince. It is in his Prose Fancies that he is at his best, and there are too few of them in Painted Shadows.

¶ **Dr. S. Weir Mitchell's** Mr. Kris Kingle *(George W. Jacobs & Co.)*, written for the benefit of the Home of the Merciful Savior for Crippled Children, Philadelphia, will be remembered as a tender little Christmas story. It is now reissued with several illustrations in color by Clyde O. Deland.

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A mother writes: "When one really enjoys Hot Water or Steam heat the most is in the early morning—to dress the babies in a warm bed-room and to bring them down stairs to a warm breakfast room—all the same temperature. Such a help toward keeping the children in good health!"

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ROSE OF THE WORLD

(Continued from Page 13)

she caught it up again and kissed the worn leather with wild passion. Dear fingers had touched it. He had worn it, who knows, over his dear heart. . . . Plans, service notes —"range to the shoulder of the north bluff works out at 1300." Lists of stores, calculations of stores and rations, gone over and over again. Oh, misery, there is sorrow beyond what human strength can bear! To think of him in these sordid straits of hunger, to stay on that thought is more than she can do and live. And she cannot die yet: she must know first.

Ah! a letter, still in its envelope inviolate, addressed to Mrs. Harry English. Not his the hand. Oh, then, it is that he is dead now indeed! Broken woman with her belated grief, what wonder that her brain should work confusedly!

It was Mrs. English in very truth—fresh widowed, her boding heart telling her, but too surely, what last bitter detail she would find in this stranger's letter—who broke the seal at last after so many years.

"*Dear Mrs. English:* We have wired to your friends to break the bad news to you. You will want to hear all about it. I suppose you know by this time, broadly speaking, what happened to us. We were hard pressed. The relief force—worn out by the march across the snows—was not strong enough to take the hill, which was the key of the position, unassisted. It was agreed that we should cooperate. English insisted on taking charge of the party. We all knew it was a forlorn-hope business, and the men had a superstitious feeling about him; with any one else they would not have gone with the same spirit. It was an hour before dawn, and the fight went on till sunrise. We—such of us as were left in the fort, hardly an able-bodied man except myself and Whiteley, the surgeon—did not know which way it was going with us till dawn, when we found the enemy in retreat. Then our men and the relief party came straggling in; none of us were up to pursuit, and we began to count our loss. English had saved us with his life. He had succeeded in capturing and holding the post on the hill, completely occupying the enemy's attention until the guns of the relief force came down upon their flank. It was carried through by a stroke of genius, but it was absolute sacrifice. Only a third of his splendid fellows have come back to us—and English is gone.

"His jemadar saw him fall (he swears it must have been instant death) amid the Ghasi swordsmen, and then in the rush they were swept apart. Mrs. English, you have the right to know the complete truth. We have been unable to recover any of our dead or wounded. The enemy carried them away; and, as we watched them in their retreat, we saw them strip the dead and roll them over the crags into the rapids. We shall not have Harry English's grave—but would he have desired a better one than the great, cold, mountain waters, in the desolate valley, utmost boundary of that Empire whose honour he died for? He will live in the hearts of his countrymen. To you I dare not offer any other words of consolation. What he was to us, these days of trial, I have no power to express. Without him we should have come badly through this business. What he was to me—forgive me, I can write no more. All his papers I have placed together. They will be brought to you with this letter. His last letter to his mother was mailed to England.

"Yours truly, RAYMOND BETHUNE."

Rosamond stared. Raymond Bethune. So it was he who wrote. She had not recognized his hand.

Stupidly she sat, stunned. Then the wave gathered, reared itself and broke upon her, overwhelming, drenching her with waters of irremediable bitterness! Dead—he was dead—she had lost him. He had suffered hunger and thirst and fever, and longing for her and anguish of mind, and doubt; he had been hacked with swords, his beloved body had been dragged over the rocks, flung bleeding, perhaps still quick, into the swirling flood. But all this was nothing. All they had worked upon him was nothing compared with what she, his chosen one, had done! Faithless, betrayer of his love, what part could Lady Gerardine have with anything of Harry English? Even Bethune, even that cold, hard man, had been one with the old stricken mother in loyalty of grief. "He will live in the hearts of his countrymen." It was his wife who had thrust him away among the dead, to be forgotten.

"It is we who make our dead dead." For her now he must always be dead. On earth and in Heaven alike she had lost him. What meeting could there ever be for her and him again, since she had given herself to another man; since she had willed him dead, in her cowardice; in base self-indulgence refused her soul to the dear and holy sorrow of his living memory?

She flung herself face downward among her papers. No tears came to her relief, no blessed unconsciousness. For her there was no God; for her there could be no Heaven; naught was left her but the hell of her own making!

(TO BE CONTINUED)

OLD-TIME HOSPITALITY

(Concluded from Page 11)

"Queen Caroline's favorite pudding, invented for her by Lady Sonden," for which she must first "catch a quart of hot blood from a stabbed living hog"?

At the time of my own childhood the great plantation-houses in the South maintained a hospitality unknown, and, indeed, impossible, in any other part of the country. The legends recalled by modern Southern story-tellers of the entertainments of those days, the balls, the assemblies, the pageants of the Mardi Gras, are not exaggerated by a word.

During the Civil War hospitality in the Southern States was practically without limit. Many of the families of Confederate officers were honored guests of wealthy planters during the whole time of the contest. It was so natural and right a thing for a Southerner to open his home to the homeless that neither host nor guest made a note of it.

Among the curious phases of this old-time Southern hospitality were the yearly assemblages at the watering-places, horse-races and the camp-meetings. The latter queer trysting-places were in Kentucky and Georgia, and were fitted with permanent dwellings occupied by the same families year after year.

Hospitality in the towns and villages of the Middle States in those days was not so lavish as in the South, but it was quite as cordial and fine. The Scotch-Irish were no churlish, stingy folk. The poorest home-owner took the guest into his scheme of life. Being a religious people, much of the entertaining grew out of church relations. There were endless choir meetings, missionary societies and sewing circles, which met weekly to work for the salvation of the heathen and to exchange gossip and demolish heaps of fried chicken, waffles and cake. The minister, always underpaid and needy, was an incessant stimulus to hospitality. The good man, lean, anecdotic and eager, with his anxious wife in her one black silk, were the central figures at endless tea-parties. The traveling minister then walked unbidden into any house belonging to a member of his sect and set down his gripsack, sure of a welcome.

The granddaughter of the homely folk of those days entertains her friends and enemies now with no trouble beyond the signing of a check or two. She hires a hall and gives an order to a caterer, a florist, and presto! the thing is done, thoroughly and well, without further attention on her part. But the mistress of a home when I was a child would have been degraded for life if she had bought a cake or cream to offer to her guests.

Of course, there were then countless pretexts to bring young people together in the evenings—music, chess, every kind of a game except cards. It was a homely phase of hospitality at which their descendants now would smile. Some delicious home-made refreshment was given, and then the girls went upstairs for their wraps, and the young men—handsome, honest boys—stood in a row in the hall with red, solemn faces. Then they paired off and strolled together down the moonlit village street.

And the marriages? They were the moneyless marriages of the time. Why wait for money to be happy? asked these young people. Nobody had any money. They were honest, clean marriages, with much love, work and self-sacrifice in them.

And they never ended in divorce.

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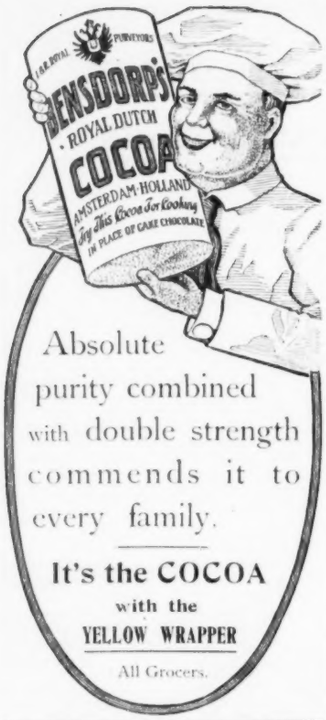

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In the General Manager's Car

(Concluded from Page 7)

and she slipped, smiling and happy, into the passageway.

The luncheon, gay with Maxson's jest and Meradith's quiet repartee, surpassed in interest for her the other meals she had eaten. After it they all sat together on the rear platform while a swift hour hurled fifty miles behind them. Then they two returned to their work, while Maxson, wholly satisfied with himself, smoked and napped.

At five o'clock they were still at it, and the work they had gone through surprised Meradith himself; yet her hand was as nimble and her touch as certain as when she began, and he was wondering how long she would last, when Maxson came in. "I guess we all hit the lunch counter this evening," he remarked. "That good-for-nothing coon of a cook got left back there at Jewell, where they cut us off the flyer." She looked at him and wondered, for she had not known they had been cut off from anything.

"Well," began the general manager, and a conference followed that seemed likely to end in nothing, till the girl, with alarm at her own audacity, projected herself into it. Her proposition was vehemently vetoed by Maxson as absurd, but the general manager heard her plea. "Let me try it," she coaxed. "I know all about home cooking, and I believe I can manage this, if you will show me a little."

"All right," he said, taking possession of her as Maxson stepped back. "We can do better than John, and I know it."

There was fairly room for one in that little galley, but they both crowded into it, somehow, and pretty soon they had found the provisions and the can opener, and got the range fire going, so that things began to take on a promising look. The girl pinned her skirt up about her, and took on a very housewifely look as she got out the flour and began to dabble in it with bare arms. The general manager insisted on peeling the potatoes, at least, but she told him they were not to be peeled. He was so much in the way that she finally stopped short, looked at him, laughed, and said: "Excuse me, please, but won't you let me call you when I need you?" The shyness was gone; there was a flash of girlish mischief in her eyes, and after he had looked at her a moment he went, like a schoolboy sent home.

Of all the dinners ever served in the general manager's car never had there been the equal of that one. There might have been better broiled steak, or baked potatoes, or tea biscuit, or dessert, but not while Meradith had had the car. The serving, he knew, had never been approached, for Edith Gordon herself insisted that she should wait upon them.

Then, while Meradith lingered at the table, Maxson, with profusion of attentions, made her sit down in the place he had left and devoted himself to waiting upon her. He overwhelmed her with officious service till from protest she fell to laughing, and the general manager commanded him, in his sternest manner, "Dun., behave yourself, or I will take care of this table myself. I am not going to have my chief clerk worried by your foolishness." After this they drew into conversation, Meradith and she, and a very pleasant talk it proved, while he sat and forgetfully toyed with a half-loose button on his coat as he leaned back in his chair and watched her. She rose, begging to be excused, and stepped to her stateroom. When she came back she had a needle and thread.

"May I sew it on properly?" she begged. "It may get lost, you know."

"That's right, Miss Gordon," cried Maxson. "Mend him up! Poor, old, helpless bachelor; he's always getting out of fix! So help me, Charlie, it looks good to see you fall into competent hands once in a while."

The girl blushed, and turned so her face was hidden from them both, Meradith on his feet as she plied her needle near his heart. Under pretense of raising his unlighted cigar to his mouth he made shift to shake a fist over her head at Maxson, showing him at the same time a countenance so ferocious that it would have terrified any other man into abject silence; but his manner was reverence itself when she bent her face close to him and bit the thread. Then she slipped back to her stateroom, and the instant she was gone Meradith's eyes fastened on Maxson, fairly glowing.

"Dun.," he said questioningly, scanning Maxson's face, "do you?"

Maxson deliberately lit his cigar, and then leisurely returned look for look. "No," he said calmly; "not at all." He seemed perfectly disinterested.

"Well, then," said Meradith, his firm face growing firmer, and his eyes gleaming, "I do." And with that she came back.

Immediately behind her entered the train conductor with a telegram. The general manager took it, read it, and pondered deeply. Finally he looked up, to find the girl's gaze directed straight at his face. He seemed to rouse, almost as though he had been drowsing. He rose and said: "Will you take a letter, Miss Gordon?" and then led the way to the office at the front end. There he sat down at his desk, resting his elbow on its edge and holding his head in his hand, while she waited, pencil poised, a long time. He was apparently so lost in thought that he had forgotten her, but at last he looked up and said, most irrelevantly:

"Maxson told you it would be three weeks, did he?" She looked at him, wondering. "Your work for me," he explained.

"Oh, yes," she said. She caught a meaning from his words that made her grow very sober. She was afraid of what was coming.

"That was when I expected to be rambling all over the West," he said, his voice plainly suggesting that he meant to announce something distinctly painful to them both. "But this message here," and he waved it before her wide, timorous eyes, "tells me that what I was coming out here to do has all been done. We shall be in Denver in an hour, but we shall go no farther. We turn right around there, and start straight back tomorrow noon."

She began to understand, and her face became pitifully anxious.

"If we had gone on, as I expected," the general manager said, "I should have needed you all the time."

So then he should need her no longer! She struggled hard to wink back the tears, but she felt them coming. He was going on:

"And it would have been a beautiful trip for you—and for all of us!" he said. "The mountains are beyond Denver, and the cañons and the peaks. And there are strange cities in the mountains, and interesting and beautiful things to see almost every step of the way. And farther on, beyond all the mountains, there is the sea, and other cities where it is always summer. It would have been a fine trip——" He stopped because the wistful longing of her face and the telltale gleam of her eyes tied his tongue. Then he said very gently, leaning toward her and holding her eyes with his: "I wonder if you would have cared to go on and see it all. Would you?"

Should she indeed! Since it was not to be, nor the three weeks of work, nor the chances it was to bring, nor the money, she could not answer for the starting tears and the tightness in her throat, but she only nodded her assent.

"Because you know, Edith," the general manager said, leaning still nearer to her and taking her hand in his, and slipping the pencil from it and holding it close in his own, "we cannot go on now, but we will come back soon and see all this, and more; sha'n't we?"

He raised her fingers to his lips and kissed them. "Shall we not come again, dear?" he was asking, while to her his voice seemed far away, and the little room whirled about her. "In the car? Just ourselves? And see it all? Edith, dear! When shall it be? When will you marry me?"

Then he knelt by her chair, and held her, softly crying, in his arms till she could find her voice, and be sure she had heard him and not the voice of a dream.

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JONES

(Continued from Page 9)

VI

THE next morning at nine I pulled up my Porcher-Muffin car before Jones' door. He was sitting at his table, reading a book, and he made no motion to rise as I came in. He gave me a pale, expressionless stare instead, such as an ancient Christian might have worn when the call-boy told him the lions were ready in the Colosseum. Resignation, obstinacy and defiance—all nicely blended under a turn-the-other-cheek exterior. He looked haggard and woebegone as well, and his thin, handsome face betrayed a sleepless night and a breakfastless morning. I could feel that my presence was the last straw to this unfortunate medical camel.

I threw in a genial remark about the weather, and took a seat.

Jones hunched himself together, and squirmed a sad little squirm.

"Mr. Westoby," he said, "I once made use of a very strong expression in regard to you. I said, if you remember, that I'd be obliged if you'd keep your paws——"

"Don't apologize," I interrupted. "I forgot it long ago."

"You've taken me up wrong," he continued drearily. "I should like you to consider the remark repeated on this occasion. Yes, sir, repeated."

"Oh, bosh," I exclaimed.

"You have a very tough epidermis," he went on. "Quite the toughest epidermis I have met with in my whole professional career. A paper adequately treating your epidermis would make a sensation before any medical society."

Somehow I couldn't feel properly insulted. The whole business struck me as irresistibly comical. I lay back in my chair—my uninvited chair—and roared with laughter.

I couldn't forbear asking him what treatment he'd recommend.

He pointed to the door, and said laconically: "Fresh air."

I retorted by laying the diamond locket before him.

"My dear fellow," I said, as he gazed at it transfixed, "don't let us go on like a pair of fools. Eleanor charged me to give you this, and beg you to return."

I don't believe he heard me at all. That flashing trinket was far more eloquent than any words of mine. He laid his head in his hands beside it, and his whole body trembled with emotion. He trembled and trembled, till finally I got tired of waiting. I poked him in the back, and reminded him that my car was waiting downstairs. He rose with a strange, bewildered air, and submitted like a child to be led into the street. He had the locket clenched in his hand, and every now and then he would glance at it as though unable to believe his eyes. I shut him into the tonneau, and took a seat beside my chauffeur.

"Let her out, James," I said.

James let her out with a vengeance. There was a sunny-haired housemaid at the Van Coorts . . . . and it was a crack, new four-cylinder car with a direct drive on the top speed. Off we went like the wind, jouncing poor Jones around the tonneau like a pea in a pill-box. But he didn't care. Was he not seraphically whizzing through space, obeying the diamond telegram of love? In the general whizzle and bang of the whole performance he even ventured to raise his voice in song, and I could overhear him behind me, adding a lyrical finish to the hum of the machinery. It was a walloping run, and we only throttled down on the outskirts of Morristown. You see I had to coach him about that Japanese war business, or else there might be trouble! So I leaned over the back seat and gently broke it to him. I thought I had managed it rather well. I felt sure he could understand, I said, the absolute need of a little—embellishing and——

"Let me out!" he said.

I feverishly went on explaining.

"If you don't let me out I'll climb out," he said, and began to make as good as his word over the tonneau.

Of course, there was nothing for it but to stop the car.

Jones deliberately descended and headed for New York.

I ran after him, while the chauffeur turned the car round and slowly followed us both. It was a queer procession. First Jones, then me, then the car.

Finally I overtook him.

"Jones," I panted. "Jones."

He muttered something about Ananias, and speeded up.

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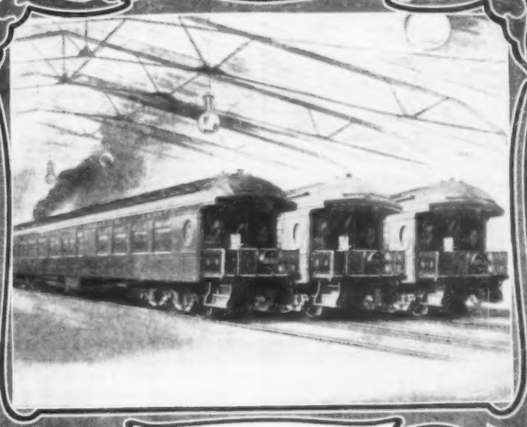

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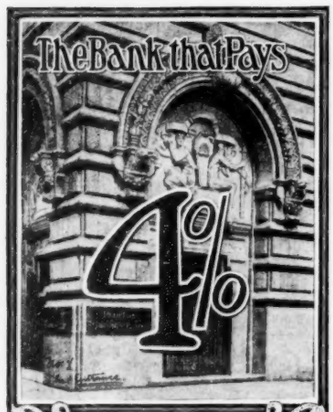

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"But it was an awfully tight place," I pleaded. "Something had to be done; you must make allowances; it was the first thing that came into my head—and you must admit that it worked, Jones. Didn't she send you the locket? Didn't she——?"

"What a prancing, show-off, matinée fool you've made me look," he burst out. "I have an old mother to support. I have an increasing practice. I have already attracted some little attention in my chosen field—eye, ear and throat. A nice figure I'd cut, traipsing around battlefields in a kimono, and looking for a kindly bullet to lay me low. If I were ever tempted by such a thing—which God forbid—wouldn't I prefer to spread bacilli on buttered toast?"

"I never thought of that," I said humbly.

"I have known retail liars," he went on. "But I guess you are the only wholesaler in the business. When other people are content with ones and twos you get them out in grosses, packed for export!"

He went on slamming me like this for miles. Anybody else would have given him up as hopeless. I don't want to praise myself, but if I have one good quality it's staying power. I pleaded and argued, and expostulated and explained, with the determination of a man whose back is to the wall. I wasn't going to lose Freddy so long as there was a breath in my body. However, it wasn't the least good in the world. Jones was as impervious as sole-leather, and as unshaken as a marble pillar.

Then I played my last card.

I told him the truth! Not the *whole* truth, of course, but within ten per cent. of it. About Freddy, you know, and how she was determined not to marry before her elder sister, and how Eleanor's only preference seemed to be for him, and how with such a slender clew to work on I had engineered everything up to this point.

"If I have seemed to you intolerably prying and officious," I said, "well, at any rate, Jones, there's my excuse. It rests with you to give me Freddy or take her from me. Turn back, and you'll make me the happiest man that ever stepped; go forward, and—and——"

I watched him out of the corner of my eye.

His tread lost some of its elasticity. He was short-circuiting inside. Positively he began to look sort of sympathetic and human.

"Westoby," he said at last, in a voice almost of awe, "when they get up another World's Fair you must have a building to yourself. You're colossal, that's what you are—colossal!"

"I'm only in love," I said.

"Well, that's the love that moves mountains," he said. "If anybody had told me that I should . . ." He stopped irresolutely on the word.

"Oh, to think I have to stand for all that rot," he bleated.

I was too wise to say a word. I simply motioned James to switch the car round and back up. I shooed Jones into the tonneau and turned the knob on him. He snuggled back in the cushions, and smiled—yes, smiled—with a beautiful, blue-eyed, far-away, indulgent expression that warmed me like spring sunshine. Not that I felt absolutely safe even yet—but still——

We ran into Freddy and Eleanor at the lodge gates. I had already telephoned the former to expect us, so as to have everything fall out naturally when the time came. We stopped the car, and descended—Jones and I—and he walked straight off with Eleanor while I side-stepped with Freddy.

She and I were almost too excited to talk. It was now or never, you know, and there was an awfully solemn look about both their backs that was either reassuring or alarming—we couldn't decide quite on which. Freddy and I simply held our breath and waited.

Finally, after an age, Jones and Eleanor turned, still close in talk, still solemn and enigmatical, and drew toward us very slowly and deliberately. When they had got quite close, and the tension was at the breaking point, Eleanor suddenly made a little rush and, with a loud sob, threw her arms round Freddy's neck.

Jones fidgeted nervously about, and seemed to quail under my questioning eyes. It was impossible to tell whether things had gone right or not. I waited for him to speak . . . I saw words forming themselves on his lips . . . he bent toward me quite confidentially . . .

"Say, old man," he whispered, "is there any place around here where a fellow can buy an engagement ring?"

(THE END)

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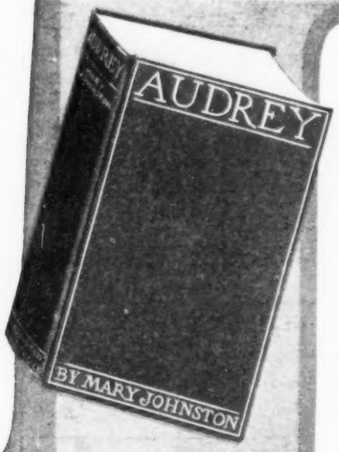

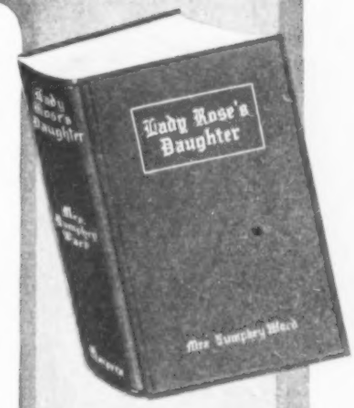

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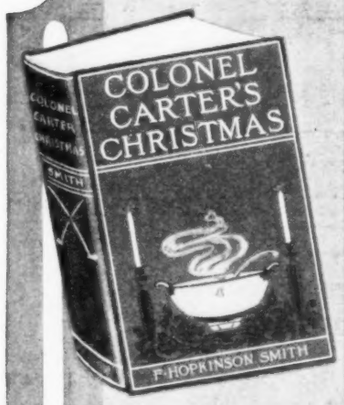

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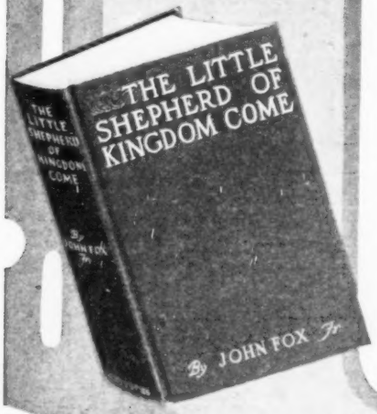

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